JOHN BULL, week ending JANUARY 10, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1856

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FORTY FIVE TROUBLES By the EDITOR

PETROL RAMPS MUST STOP!

THE MIRACLE OF A NIGHT by A.G.G.

The Butcher says . . .

"That's right, Mrs. Smith. We're getting a seventh of our meat now in corned beef—twopence in the 1/2 as you might say. Lord Woolton's watching his stocks—he likes to be sure he's got a bit in hand. I don't mind telling you I was rather afraid the whole ration would be cut down. It's lucky for everyone there is this corned beef to help out with. Cold or hot, you can dish it up in a dozen different ways—and very tasty, too. No, Mrs. Smith, I don't want any points coupons, it's all part of the meat ration."

And here are some new recipes:

HARICOT BEEF

Soak ½ lb. small haricot beans for 24 hours, then cook for 1 hour. Slice 1 lb. corned beef and shred one small cabbage. Put the beans, meat, cabbage and a chopped leek, if possible, in layers in a fire-proof dish, with a few peppercorns and a little salt sprinkled between.

Mix one dessertspoonful mustard and 1 tablespoon gravy thickening with ½ pint vegetable stock and add to the dish.

Cover closely and cook in a slow oven for about 45 minutes.

CORNED BEEF WITH CABBAGE

Wash and slice a leek and fry lightly in a little cooking fat in a stout saucepan. Add 1 lb. corned beef cut into small pieces.

Cut 1 lb. cooked potatoes into small pieces, add to the pan, sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon flour and pour in ½ small cup vegetable water. Add a little made mustard, if liked. Stir all together until very hot.

Wash and shred a cabbage and cook in a very little salted water with the lid on the pan for about 10 mins. Drain and serve on a hot dish with the meat mixture on top.

AMERICAN CORNED BEEF HASH

Mix together 1 breakfastcupful of chopped corned beef with the same quantity of diced raw potato, and season with pepper. Put into a frying-pan ½ a teacupful of vegetable water and a teaspoonful or two of dripping or cooking fat. When the pan is hot, put in the meat and potatoes, spreading them evenly. Dot another teaspoonful or two of fat over the top. Place a plate over the pan and cook *quite slowly* for about 45 minutes. A thick delicious crust will form on the bottom. Fold across and serve on a hot dish with cooked green vegetables.

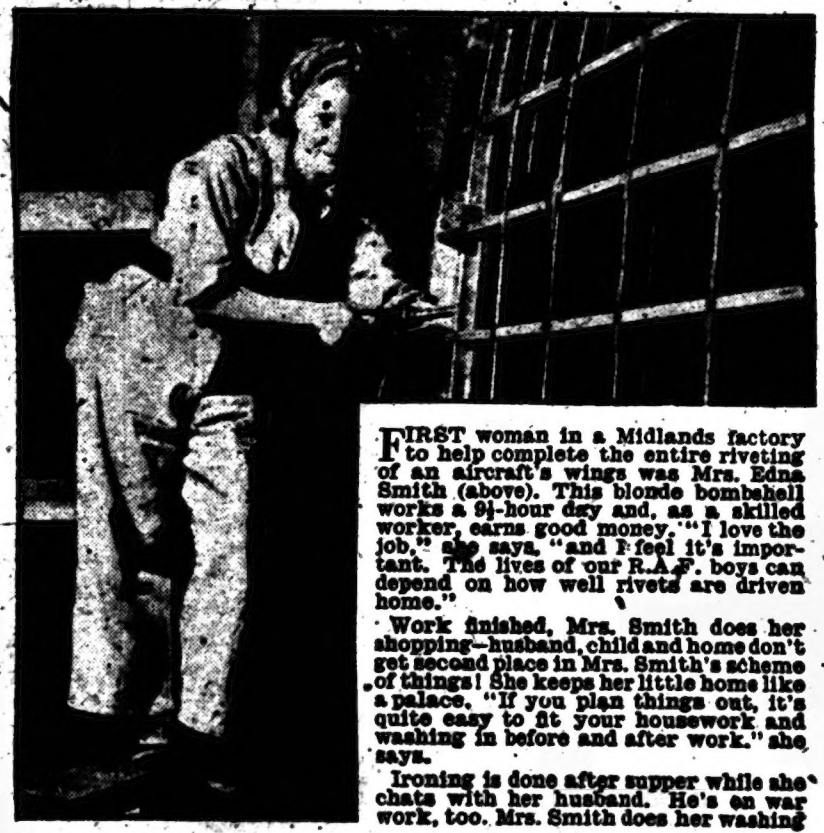
Food Facts

NUMBER 76.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Holder of Riveting Record is also Model Housewife

DOES ALL OWN WASHING. KEEPS HOME LIKE A PALACE



FIRST woman in a Midlands factory to help complete the entire riveting of an aircraft's wings was Mrs. Edna Smith (above). This blonde bombshell works a 9½-hour day and, as a skilled worker, earns good money. "I love the job," she says, "and I feel it's important. The lives of our R.A.F. boys can depend on how well rivets are driven home."

Work finished, Mrs. Smith does her shopping—husband, child and home don't get second place in Mrs. Smith's scheme of things! She keeps her little home like a palace. "If you plan things out, it's quite easy to fit your housework and washing in before and after work," she says.

Ironing is done after supper while she chats with her husband. He's on war work, too. Mrs. Smith does her washing the Rinso no-boil way, because it saves 1½ hours' time. The things are soaked for 12 minutes in Rinso and hot-tap water—that's all. Extra-dirty things get a little dry Rinso smoothed on them before being soaked. "This Rinso method makes life a lot simpler for people like me who really do two jobs of work in the day," says Mrs. Smith. "And any woman can do what I'm doing—if she wants to help win the war."

R. S. Hudson Limited

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

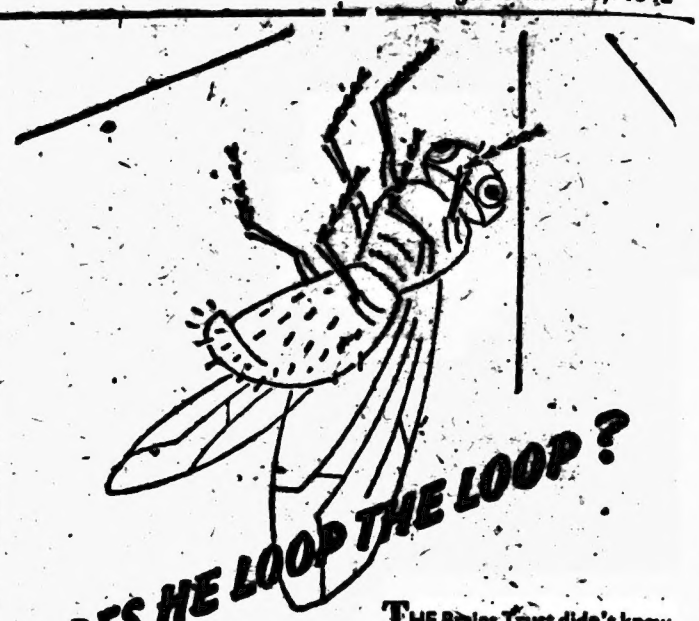
Toast the MERCHANT NAVY by all means

But remember that the Merchant Navy cannot now bring us all the good wines that go into Maldano Cocktails. Today, Maldano is rare and precious — use it sparingly if you are lucky enough to find a bottle.

Maldano

READY MIXED

cocktails



THE Brains Trust didn't know, but they did their best to answer a deceptively simple question, "How does a fly land on the ceiling?" Happily, it doesn't need a Brains Trust to tell us what is best in radio, for there is only one answer — Mullard — and you are fortunate to-day if yours is a Mullard Set or the Valves in your radio are Mullard Valves. And when again you can buy freely, you will still choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2

Paris Adventure

The Pitt or Regent white diamond, of 410 carats, was bought by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, and sold by him to the Regent of France in 1717 for £135,000. Stolen by the mob in the French Revolution, it was recovered later and placed in the Louvre.

News afoot about diamonds to-day is of the famous purple diamonds stamped on Dri-ped leather. They guarantee wonderful economy in boot and shoe repairs, because Dri-ped wears twice as long as ordinary leathers. Save money by specifying it next time; it's completely waterproof, too.

It is an economy to ask your repairer for

DRI-PED LEATHER

IF your repairer cannot supply DRI-PED write to DRI-PED LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCS.

The WATERPROOF SOLE LEATHER with the DOUBLE WEAR

I had needed PHOSFERINE for years

Colliery Official's tribute.

"I have been a colliery official for a number of years" *writes H. C. of Doncaster,* "the responsibility of the job causing me to suffer with my nerves, resulting in loss of sleep and having to be off work. I tried Phosferine and — after the first bottle I knew I had found what I had needed for years — I am happy and content."

When your strength is running low ten drops or two tablets of Phosferine will help to turn the tide. This really great tonic brings back the full flood of vitality and self-confidence.

Try it to-day.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/4, 3/3, & 5/4

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

Do your share in the air
Fly as one of an R.A.F. air crew—the fit young man's biggest job of the war. Age limits 3x for Pilots, 33 for Observers. Reserved men can be released for Flying Duties. Go to the R.A.F. Section, near-est Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange). Or—post coupon (unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp). Start to do your share—now!
To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Please send 'Flying Duties' leaflet. I am/am not in a reserved occupation.
AGE.....
NAME.....
ADDRESS
Fly with the
RAF
1B|10/1

No increase in price. PER 3d OZ.

Tired Wives

HERE'S WHAT DOCTORS ADVISE:

If you're too tired all the time, your system is probably filled up with dangerous poisons that keep organs from working as they should. Your system needs a thorough cleansing.

Yet doctors warn women that their delicate systems can be permanently injured by harsh laxatives that seem to tear you apart. Instead, doctors say, take the way nature devised to cool your blood, and cleanse out accumulated poisons. Take 'California Syrup of Figs.' A delicious liquid, it contains the juices of whole sun-ripened figs. Quickly yet gently, your system is cleansed. You feel wonderful, filled with new vibrant energy.

Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 10, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

NO DEFENCE

● Vital British aerodromes were quickly captured by the Japanese because their defences were inadequate.

Could it happen here? JOHN BULL is convinced that it could.

JOHN BULL does not believe that a few scattered machine-guns and one or two Bofors guns are sufficient to defend a large airfield.

Frankly, there is far too much jealousy between the Air Force and the Army in this matter, jealousy that impairs co-operation.

There is still divided control, with its attendant lack of co-ordination; there are too few strong bases from which the Army could counter-attack.

Until these are remedied, we are inviting invasion.

Until every airfield is effectively guarded by a strong force of picked—and fighting-fit—men, backed by reserves and tanks and armoured cars within a reasonable distance, the soothing assurances of Ministers will remain valueless.

Even the most elementary precautions against enemy agents are disdained.

Three men recently drove into an R.A.F. station and out again without being challenged. At a very large and important station, the local 'bus still runs through the camp, close to bombers being loaded up or repaired.

Such small facts are symptomatic of a great deal that is wrong. It is not too late to put it right—but it will be when and if invasion comes!

Straight from the Shoulder

HIGH COMMAND

IN a single week, three historic facts have proved the Allies' strength and predicted the dictators' defeat.

The union of 26 free nations, the mounting intensity of the merciless Soviet offensive, and the appointment of an Allied High Command in the Far East will dominate events throughout 1942.

Hitler lost the war when he lost the Battle of Britain. Now the Allies are preparing to win it.

The First Step

A beginning has been made. Note that word.

Though Nazi tanks lie wrecked in Russian snow and Libyan sand, the most powerful warmaker in world history is still well-armed, cunning and defiant.

Though Wavell and Chiang Kai-Shek will rank as two of the great soldiers in history, they cannot be expected to triumph quickly over an enemy who holds all the initial advantages.

Help Till It Hurts

Mr. Eden's memorable broadcast should be a reminder of our paramount duty.

That duty is to give our main support to those who are grappling with the main forces of the enemy.

We must aid our Russian allies till it hurts.

Paying the Price

At least two million Germans have died because their leader sought to enter Moscow. But the Russian losses are no less heavy.

Cannot we who have been spared so much bloodshed provide more of the weapons that the Russians urgently need?

To the Attack

That should be done in addition to fulfilling our own tremendous requirements—requirements that will grow still vaster as the year progresses and Britain develops her offensive on land, sea and air.

And to that should be joined a propaganda offensive.

Going Down

For let us be under no illusion about German morale. It will not crack without many heavy blows.

To believe otherwise is to peer short-sightedly through rosy but warped spectacles. The Germans are despirited, but not yet despairing.

Otherwise Goebbels would not have dared to confess that the German army had been sent into Russia ill-clad and ill-equipped against the winter. Nor would Hitler have dared to whine in his New Year message to his suffering troops.

Consolation Piece

Such pitiful exhibitions of incompetence would have led to the immediate downfall of any democratic government.

But it is significant that the Nazi Government is still strong enough to make them with impunity.

And it is up to us, by co-ordinating Allied propaganda, to increase the depression of the German people and therefore to decrease Nazi war production.

Mainly Fair

Already we have more than enough material for first-rate propaganda.

Indeed, on all but two sectors of the World Front—Britain and the Far East—the situation is more encouraging than we had any right to expect.

Shocks for the Axis

Not only are the Germans meeting with military disaster in Russia and Libya. Hitler is still angling impatiently for the French fleet. Italy is reeling.

British Commandos have begun to give our friends in Occupied Europe a hint of their liberation, and their hints will become stronger. In the Battle of the Atlantic the tide is still with us.

Heavy Going

On the other side of the World Front, we may have to lose much in order to keep the vital fortress of Singapore and the immense wealth of the Dutch East Indies.

We must keep them at all costs.

The Prime Minister is confident that Singapore will not fall. But Borneo will probably be lost.

Debit and Credit

We are gravely embarrassed by lack of airfields—and by the losses we have sustained by our own incomprehensible negligence.

Prudence necessitates no hasty dash of relief columns. The Americans—like ourselves, we hope—have learned to be patient until armour is available.

Yet also our gains have been great, thanks to the superb feats of the fighting Dutch, the fighting spirit of the U.S. forces, and the rising tide of the indomitable Chinese.

Disappointing

In Britain, too, the situation is disappointing, though the possibilities are bright.

Mr. Churchill has appealed for greater effort. He says, rightly, that in "this strange, terrible world war there is a place for everyone—man and woman, old and young, the hale and the halt."

Yet places cannot be found, greater efforts cannot be made, without better organisation.

Costly Gap

In one factory alone, hundreds of fighter 'planes have been lost to our war effort.

Why? Because hundreds of men have been sacked, and thousands more who so far have been retained have practically nothing to do.

You see, the contract on which they had been working has now expired.

Total War!

Some time, no doubt, a new contract will be obtained; perhaps a new model will be put into production.

Meanwhile, the plant stands idle and skilled men are sacked.

They are not given temporary work elsewhere, mark you. They are not given a paid holiday. They are just sacked.

Overtime Without Work

At another war factory, the entire staff has been on short time for a week and yet has been paid overtime as usual.

No Christmas holiday was given to men and lads at a Midlands engineering works. They, too, draw overtime regularly. And they, too, are idle against their will.

First Things First

Of course, the Prime Minister is right! There should be a place in our war effort for everyone, even the halt and the old, the unfit and the untrained.

Yet should we not first find work for the fit, strong, skilled and highly trained who now are idle?

Should we not first sweep away the defects in supply and transport that frustrate them?

Halfpenny Means a Lot

Hundreds of shipwrights arrive late at the Clyde yards every morning.

They are not sleepy laggards. They are delayed because the ferry boats are late. And the boats are late because of the time it takes to pass those hundreds of men through the turnstiles to pay a halfpenny fare.

Yes, the war effort is held up because of a ha'penny.

Slow Coaches

Some Staffordshire war workers are busy for 63½ hours a week. But they are away from home for a hundred hours because of a rotten train service.

On the outskirts of London, one factory alone loses 1,800 man-hours a week because a local train is always late.

Buck Up!

Obviously, we cannot afford such waste of time and skill. Obviously, our needs are too great.

We must have vast numbers of bombers for the terrific offensive against Germany promised once more by the Prime Minister.

We need many more fighter 'planes to cover our troops in the Middle East and elsewhere; we need long-range fighters and anti-tank 'planes.

Tanks and Ships

Tanks, too, we must have in prodigious fleets. We want whole fleets of new ships to carry our supplies along the war channels of the world.

Our already vast production, bound to become greater still as the New Year passes into a grim and terrible Spring, must be properly allocated and properly used.

And to maintain our strength at the peak of fighting efficiency we must make good the 40 per cent. gap in the food supplies we derive from our still under-developed agriculture.

To Victory!

That is why we need a High Command on the Home Front as urgently as we needed an Allied High Command for the Far Eastern Front.

We need the organisation to see that not one man or one woman is forced to remain inactive, to see that no minute detail of all our mammoth war machine is impeded or obstructed, to ensure that nothing shall delay our grand forward sweep towards final victory.

(Continued overleaf)

JOHN BULL'S WAR TIME SECURITY GIFT FOR 1942

As announced in last week's issue, registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1942 Free War Time Security Gift.

You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BRITAIN is proud of her Merchant Navy, it is often rightly said. Maybe it's time Britain became ashamed that there is no official issue of steel helmets or Service respirators to the Merchant Navy.

Members of gun crews either have to provide their own "tin hats" or go without.

How many, we wonder, have sustained head wounds?

No First Aid

And how many war factories have adequate first-aid equipment?

One we know employs 15,000 people. There is no first-aid box in any of the five large shops.

True, there is an excellent ambulance room—but it's a full five minutes' walk from some parts of the factory. That complies with the Factory Acts, but still leaves something to be desired.

Money's Plentiful

Such omissions cannot be due to lack of money, judging by what has happened in one ordnance factory.

Office floors there were recently covered with linoleum at a cost of £600. A few weeks later they were covered with coconut matting—and the lino now adorns the scrap-heap.

Forbidden to Work

More serious is the waste of labour in arms factories. And one of the worst causes of that is the system of suspending workers who turn up late—though they may be late because of the train difficulties we mentioned on the preceding page.

It's a bad system, anyhow, even when the workers are late through their own fault.

Thus, thirty girls at a filling factory who arrived late on Boxing Day were suspended for four days, without pay.

Loss to Britain

Again, transport drivers at an ordnance factory went into the canteen for a cup of tea. They weren't long away, yet were suspended for seven days.

Even if they deserved punishment, how does it help production by keeping them idle for a whole week?

Swings and Roundabouts

There is waste of labour, too, in the placing of women in industry.

One girl trained by the Ministry of Health for months in the complicated work of insurance inspector has been transferred to the Foreign Office.

Her sister, who had a job with the L.C.C., has been transferred to the Ministry of Health to fill the vacancy. Of course, she'll have to be trained for months!

Nice Work!

Training, indeed, is just about the most prolific source of wasted effort we can imagine.

Three girls, taking an engineering course at an official training centre, were so disgusted at the prevailing slackness that they walked out and went to the cinema.

For three hours they had stood at their machines waiting for work, ignored by the instructors.

Easy Going

The manager, hearing of the cinema visit, had the rebels on the carpet, was told how they had to smoke and chat to pass the time, and dismissed them with a caution.

The slackness continued exactly as before.

Whitehall's champion time-wasters obviously have some formidable rivals.

Black Boom

If ever those girls reach a war factory, they'll most likely find an easy but unpatriotic way out of the clothing difficulty.

No-coupon selling has assumed amazing proportions in and near big factories, and the beginning of 1942 has brought a big boom for the Black Market bounders.

Full-Time Job

Quite typical is the case of one ordnance factory where two men spend most of their time selling clothing to their thousands of colleagues.

Whatever garment is ordered, the men can produce it next day—without coupons.

And that's only one reason why we stick to our opinion that the clothes rationing system is a farce and should be drastically reformed—or withdrawn.

Turned Brown

Another withdrawal we'd like to see would affect sixty-seven soldiers in a certain southern camp.

Most of them were turners before enlistment. Then the Army gave them a sixteen weeks course to make sure they knew their jobs.

But for the last year they haven't been engaged on turnery. Naturally not. Being in the Army, they've been kept potato-peeling.

Sad Story

However, the Army cannot possibly be blamed for the next example of bad judgment.

A.A. gunner came home on seven days' leave. Within three days, he, his wife and three youngsters were stricken with diphtheria and removed to hospital.

A month later, the children were discharged. After another week, the wife died. A fortnight later, the soldier was discharged.

What Next!

Asking the local military authorities for advice, he was told to report immediately to his unit in Scotland—hundreds of miles away.

He struggled into his kit, reached York station, collapsed, and was removed to military hospital in a serious condition.

Why was he discharged from the civilian hospital?

Learning Him

Another soldier and his family were bombed out in Bristol three times.

They managed to rent a caravan, but as it was not big enough for his nerve-racked wife and baby the soldier erected a small hut.

Axbridge rural council has prosecuted him for doing so without permission and the local Bench has fined him on two summonses.

Some folk certainly have a lot to put up with!

Still Waiting

A Northumberland man was bombed-out last April, his brother killed and his mother badly injured, his motor business ruined and his lorries blown to bits.

He paid off his staff and has since spent £300 in an effort to fix up one lorry.

Yet, though he had been engaged on aerodrome work, he can obtain no official help—though clearly it's in the national interest to restore his business as soon as possible.

That War Damage Commission might as well put up its shutters unless it deals quickly with such cases.

No Relief

Yet, of course, the War Damage Insurance Act is onerous enough.

An invalid in a coastal area, whose income from house property has fallen to under £200 a year, has to pay £62 14s. in war damage insurance.

He can obtain no income tax relief on that payment, so he is left with 50s. a week to live on—and to pay a further £20 income tax on an income he does not receive.

Slow March

Members of the Girls' Training Corps give up their spare time to fit themselves for entry into the Women's Services when they become old enough.

The photograph of a Guards sergeant teaching them the correct way of doing the slow march may well make us doubt whether the best use is being made of their time.

Will they be expected to goose-step through Berlin with the Allied troops?

No Welcome

We hope they receive a better welcome than women war workers who, having to attend an Eastern Counties employment exchange, have to sit crowded together on the stairs for lengthy periods.

Modern Times

Do you know Costock? It's a charming, ancient Notts village by-passed—in more senses than one—by the hustle of modern civilisation.

But officialdom has decreed that it needs kerbstones. So the kerbstones are being laid by a gang of seven men who could surely be given a more urgent job.

Have the authorities never heard of the shortage of man-power? Or the importance of cement? Or the necessity to conserve petrol and money? In short, do they know there's a war on?

It Beats Us

Of course, the Board of Trade is most anxious to restrict unnecessary expenditure. It rightly wants to close down unessential industries.

And yet—does it always go the right way about the job?

We doubt it, if only because one firm is no longer allowed to produce vacuum flasks at 5s., but is allowed to make "luxury" jug-shaped flasks at 23s. 6d.

Knock Twice

Which reminds us of another drink trifle.

Many taverns are supposed to be short of supplies. But if you happen to be a friend of the landlord, and tap in code on the door, you won't go thirsty.

We suspect that the trick would soon stop if one or two publicans were deprived of their licence.

Hospitals Go Short

We should also like to see adequate supplies of brandy reserved for hospitals.

One hospital has had to send an S O S to local publicans. They have responded nobly, but it is clearly wrong that the S O S should have been necessary.

Behind the News

- **Million shells and 2,500 Nazi guns captured by the Russians are being used against the enemy.**
- *Special advantage in this is saving of time, transport and manufacture which Stalin switched over to the south to ensure success of Soviet reinvasion of the Crimea.*
- Typical example of Soviet foresight is that Soviet shells and guns are grooved a fractionally larger size than the German, and both would have to be captured for use against themselves, while Soviet can use Nazi shells in Russian guns.
- **Boomeranging back from Russia to Hitler's home front is prospect of nearly 50 per cent. fall in winter munition output. Nazis used to transfer all army skilled workers to factories after every summer war.**
- *Skin disease epidemic is sweeping France owing to reduction of soap ration determined by the Nazis' need for fats.*
- **If Soviet regain Crimea, Rumanian demands for separate peace may be insistent enough to overthrow Antonescu.**
- **Bulgarian Boris is also jumpy. He flatly refused Hitler's orders to declare war on Russia at the same time as on Britain and U.S.A.**
- *All Nazi efforts to secure food stocks and other "co-operation" of Hungarian masses have failed.*
- Within twenty-four hours of "transfer" to England of nine Norwegian quislings, news reached Allied circles in London of flight from several coastal districts in Europe of pro-Nazi leaders. Mussert of Holland was the first to go to Germany.
- **Greatest of Hitler's troubles: the German women. Won't work, nag at their Nazi husbands, riot in front of foodshops, are hysterical about German casualties in Russia and Libya.**
- *Italian trade commission which arrived in Turkey two months ago to beg foodstuffs against machinery has not even been invited to Ankara. Only two minor Turkish Government clerks have met them!*
- **Brownshirts (honourable uniform of old Nazi fighters) of soldiers killed in Russia have been taken from their families in the wild collection scramble of old clothes for freezing Nazi soldiers.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

FORTY-FIVE TRIBUNALS

EVERY month throughout the year, scores of thousands of men will become de-reserved and liable to call-up.

"In handling this problem of man-power," says Mr. Bevin with that sturdy common-sense we expect of him, "it is a question of selection and choice."

Quite so. But who is to make the selection?

Who is to choose the men who can be taken from their present jobs without impeding war production?

Forty-five panels have been set up to supply the answer.

Unfortunately, there cannot be an Ernest Bevin—even a minor edition of Ernest Bevin—on every panel.

And there is disturbing evidence that, so far, the business of "selection and choice" has not been guided by the common-sense that Mr. Bevin would have displayed.

Let us tell you about a progress-chaser in an aircraft factory. He has an exceptional knowledge of his business.

The management has vainly sought his exemption or deferment. It has vainly sought to find someone who can take over his complicated and vitally important job.

But into the Army he must go.

Not only the management but the workers are perturbed. They know that when he goes, production will fall.

Yet, week by week, the Government appeals to them to increase the flow of aircraft!

You will remember that JOHN BULL has published dozens of examples of stupidity resulting from the old system of call-up.

Under the new system, official common-sense is more necessary than ever.

For now it is the key-workers in industry, as well as all middle-aged men, who are liable to be clapped into khaki to peel potatoes or sent to some distant factory for semi-skilled work.

We are getting down to bed-rock in the man-power business. If we are not very careful, we shall uproot the foundations and bring the whole edifice of war industry tumbling down.

THERE is not an inexhaustible supply of men awaiting the recruitment officers.

It is not possible to replace highly skilled and long-trained men by women and lads who have been "trained" by handling lathe and chisel for a few weeks.

Those considerations should be ever-present in the minds of Mr. Bevin's forty-five panels.

There is no guarantee that it will be so.

Indeed, there is reason to fear that sheer ignorance may cause the light-hearted rejection of employers' applications for the deferment of essential workers.

You see, these panels are not comprised of independent advisers—men who have been engaged inside industry for years, men who can realise just how important a key-worker can be.

Not at all. Bureaucrats are in a majority on the panels.

They include a Civil Servant, who will act as chairman on most panels, a labour supply officer, a military recruitment officer—and *one* "neutral" deferment officer.

It may be that they will all discharge their duties with a fine wisdom and as admirable an aptitude as if they had a complete knowledge of every trade.

It may be. We hope so.

But the lamentable and wasteful numbers of men who are now in positions for which they are least fitted provide no great hope that the call-up will in future be administered with sagacious economy.

Hitherto, indeed, the costly extravagance of placing round pegs in square holes seems to have been an official fetish.

A shipyard electrician is now unloading Army lorries.

A builder who employed forty men now makes toys for officers' children. A ship's draughtsman has been turned into a batman—so has an expert shell-filler.

Those four cases are typical of hundreds. They are typical, also, of the manner in which employers' applications for deferment have been rejected.

And they point to one of the main reasons why our war production, great though it is, is less than it might be.

Moreover, old problems may be aggravated and new ones arise as the middle-aged men are reached.

By way of example, consider this question: Should the "over forty-fives" be given the option of choosing any particular Service or war work?

JOHN BULL believes that it would be wise to grant these men the same privilege accorded to women over twenty.

In any case, no one over forty should be uprooted lightly, unless it is clear that he has special qualifications which make it desirable to transfer him to a different and more urgent task.

Again, what will be effect of the new call-up on the Home Guard, part-time Observer Corps and all the voluntary Civil Defence branches?

Are they to be denuded of their trained personnel? Is fire-watching—still unorganised—to be shattered?

A SINGLE illustration points the question. In one district near London, A.R.P. services are largely staffed by men between the late thirties and fifty years of age.

A senior warden (the active organiser of an important group), will soon be de-reserved.

He appealed in good time for someone to take over his duties. But no trained man is available. Those who could have replaced him will themselves be called up before the year is out.

Obviously, the problem would not arise if it were certain that discretion would be used in recruiting the over-forties.

Were that certain, elder men in A.R.P. would not be so reluctant to undertake important posts and thus release younger men.

Unfortunately, it is not certain. We can only hope that the new panels will ensure the best possible use of all available man- and woman-power.

But in war time hope is not enough.

The nation has a right to expect a definite assurance that no war industry or essential service will be weakened to satisfy the clamorous demands of the recruiting officers.

German People Will Listen Now

MUCH "inside Germany" news percolates through to this country.

A lot of it encourages wishful thinking, puts a brake on our war effort.

Some is Nazi-inspired.

And most of that which is undoubtedly genuine has the fault that it is brought out by neutral diplomats or other people so highly placed that they have no means of finding out what the mass of German people are thinking.

What is said and thought in the Adlon Hotel differs very considerably from what is said and thought in a German munition factory.

★ ★ ★

Therefore there is importance in news brought to us by a young German Socialist worker who has just found his way to a neutral country.

He spent war time in Germany quarrying near Dresden, and later training for munition-making at Munich.

He doesn't know what the bigwigs of the party think of it all.

But he does know the mind of the average German worker.

And his general conclusion is that "at last, at long last, the German people are beginning to think."

They are beginning to doubt as defeats come instead of promised victories.

And people who doubt seek. Seek *news*.

More and more Germans are therefore taking the risk of listening to B.B.C. broadcasts—Russian and American as well.

More and more of them have their ears attuned for any Allied news that is going—no longer laugh at it, as they did at our early leaflets.

Our young German worker vouches for this.

Well, what are we going to do about it?

Let us look at *any* mind in which doubt begins to dawn—not merely German

It is confused. It tends to be hopeless. It is ultra-suspicious of contradiction and discrepancy, no matter how easy it might be to explain them away.

This German mind which is beginning to suspect Hitler, and which turns to the voices of Britain, America, Russia, will suspect them, too, unless we are very careful.

★ ★ ★

And here our young friend helps us with advice.

The propaganda chiefs of the Allied countries must get together and decide to talk with one voice.

To-day they talk with many.

From one source the German masses learn that the whole world is waiting for them to throw over their dastardly overlords.

And the next moment they may be wondering whether a special hell isn't being prescribed for every German.

And so they are apt to conclude: "Between a Hitler I hate and a Versailles which will be a hundred times worse than the last, I choose Hitler."

Goebbels is all out to show them that Hitler's war is *their* war.

The Allies have got to prove to them that Hitler's war is *not* their war. And they have got to say it concertedly, with no difference whatsoever except in the manner of their saying it.

★ ★ ★

Nor must it be said in bad German by Britons who don't thoroughly understand the German psychology.

We are leaving the job to British radio spokesmen, when there are famous Germans in exile (men too well-known in Germany to be regarded as Haw Haws), who could do it much better.

Anyhow, we must tell the Germans the truth—and the truth must have one version.

We must decide what must be done for Germany's poor deluded slaves—and that must have one version, too.

A propaganda agreement must be reached between Britain, America and Russia with this end in view.

We have a receptive audience at last.

We must show it that it has another way out beside the plunge over the abyss with its rotten leaders.

But we must all agree on that way. Otherwise a people that has seen all its illusions turn out to be lies will be little likely to believe us.

★

And the Allies should speak with one voice to make them realise that, while they will never again be allowed to arm, they can have a decent life in a post-war world

Says Maurice Fagence

OPEN LETTERS

Field-Marshal the Rt. Hon. JAN SMUTS, Prime Minister of South Africa

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL,—I wish you were not in South Africa, even though you have been doing a magnificent service there ever since you formed your Government three days after war began.

You should be in London—and in the Cabinet Room of 10, Downing Street.

Not only Britain needs you here. All the Allies would benefit immeasurably if your sage counsel and shrewd experience were immediately available whenever great decisions had to be made.

Demand is growing for Dominion representation in the War Cabinet. I think it will have to be met.

Though the Dominions are consulted on matters of Imperial strategy, they should have a far greater voice in arranging the affairs under "consultation" and more influence during the consultations.

Such a course may have saved us from many painful and costly miscalculations. If taken speedily, it should not only allay irritation in Australia but contribute to the fuller war effort of the Allies.

And you, of course, are the obvious and finest representative that South Africa could send to an Empire War Cabinet, which should work in close co-ordination with a Supreme Allied War Council.

You are not merely the best choice because of your balanced and heartening speeches and wise predictions.

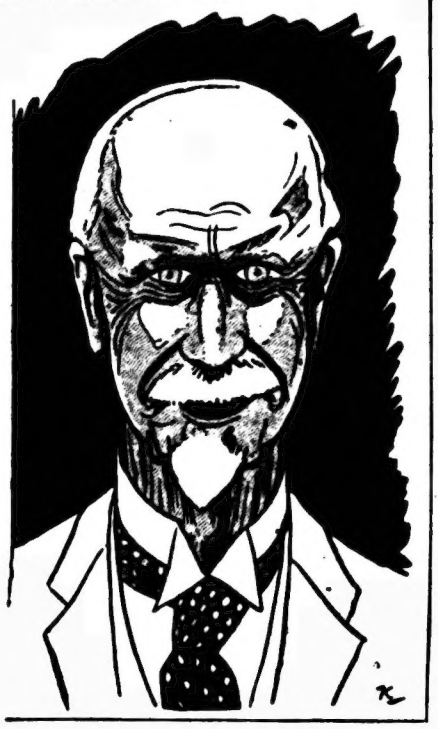
Not only because of your wide experience as a statesman.

Not only for the way in which you have organised your country for war and your troops for that invaluable service they have performed in Libya, Abyssinia, and elsewhere.

But also because you remain, at the age of seventy-one, a fresh-minded and brilliant general.

Britain realised your exceptional gifts during the Boer War, when you fought against us, and during the Great War, when you led our East African forces.

It should take full advantage of them now.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. D. MARCESSON, M.P., Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—Millions of troops would like to know whether they are being trained to fight the enemy or to humour the pernickety whims of brainless martinets.

For spit-and-polish is still carried to absurd lengths. To please commanding officers, gloves and socks must have cardboard in them to make them "neat and square." And there are other orders no less crazy.

Are they really necessary for efficient soldiering?

The Greeks fought marvellously without them. So have the Russians. So have the Australians and Canadians.

Why should British troops alone be robbed of their self-respect and made to feel foolish?—JOHN BULL.

Sir DONALD FERGUSSON, Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR SIR DONALD,—Because of American entry into the war, we must grow still more food next season and import less. And preparations should be made now.

Obvious, do you say? Yes, but large tracts of our land have still to be drained and smaller arable plots brought under cultivation.

In these matters, alas, officialdom is slow to act. Why, a reader wrote to you about eight acres near Godalming that have been left waste for years though a neighbouring farmer is anxious to work them.

You acknowledged the letter last July. But the land remains idle.—JOHN BULL.

The EXECUTIVE, London Midland and Scottish Railway

GENTLEMEN,—Two railwaymen were injured when putting out fire-bombs on your property more than a year ago.

One, discharged from hospital, was expected to live on the incredible sum of 12s. 3d. a week for himself and his wife.

As he is fit for driving or shunting duties, however, his mates have offered to make room for him in a light job until he is completely recovered—as the medical officer suggested.

But your company insists that he shall do shed work at a mere 50s. a week; and I insist you act upon the "Square Deal" policy that was once so prominent in your announcements.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman W. H. WARRIOR, Cowes, Isle of Wight

SIR,—If you think it "a bit thick" to use a park's flower-beds for tomato growing, I think it a lot thicker that a man in your position and with your name should be unable to understand what is meant by total war.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. W. CLOTHIER, Director of Accounts, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—One of my readers, a successful motor engineer, had his premises requisitioned and thus lost the business to which he had devoted years of hard work.

Though that was more than a year ago, he still has not received a penny.

And that isn't the only case brought to my notice. What is holding up your payment of claims?—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD B. CANNY, Inland Revenue Chief

DEAR SIR, — Head waiters — mostly aliens—in certain London hotels are making up to £2,000 a year. It goes straight into their pockets: for income tax is assessed only on their salary, which, in fact, is never paid.

It would be worth while for your tax inspectors to dine at these hotels some time. They'd gain far more for the country's Exchequer than the cost of their meal.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—One Government Department has taken over a big house in a Welsh town as a stand-by in case its present offices are bombed. A very elaborate shelter is being erected in the grounds.

Near by, work on public shelters has been stopped owing to lack of materials.

I hope the contrast makes you lose your temper, for then those public shelters will be finished at record speed. —JOHN BULL.

CONTROLLER OF ECONOMY, Royal Air Force

DEAR SIR,—Roadways in one R.A.F. camp are lined with posts from which heavy iron chains are suspended.

Their only use, apparently, is to trip up men in the black-out—and one man has already badly injured his leg.

Notices are displayed asking that nothing should be wasted. Does "nothing" include the metal so badly needed in our war factories?—JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY, Hull Fishermen's Relief Fund

SIR,—For forty years a Hull trawler skipper made monthly contributions to your fund.

Compelled to seek his living at other ports, he went to Fleetwood. On his first trip from there he landed thirty-three survivors from a torpedoed ship, resumed his voyage and never returned.

He had a family of nine children, and his wife appealed to you for assistance. You refused her—because the skipper was not fishing from the port of Hull.

Can't you persuade your committee to reverse that decision?—JOHN BULL.

Canon MOWBRAY SMITH, Isle of Ely Education Committee

DEAR CANON,—Though you failed to defeat your opponents, I am glad you and another Anglican minister objected to the penalising of children belonging to a different denomination.

Because their school is not officially recognised, eighty of them are denied free milk, free medical and dental treatment.

It seems to me shameful that religious bigotry should be tolerated by a nation fighting for political liberty and justice. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—You show promise of becoming an extremely good Education Minister. You will do even better if you compel local education directors to face the problem of schools in danger areas.

A Hartlepool estate is classed as a safety zone. Yet the children have to travel two miles to a school on the sea front near coastal batteries—and, despite air raids, are prosecuted if they do not attend regularly.

You'll agree with the parents and myself that this situation is fantastic. So why not remedy it?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

A Man and His Dog

I SUPPOSE I'm what is called a dog lover, in that I like dogs, like to have them around me and, more important, like them to like me.

That's why, in the course of an argument, I expressed my sympathy for the man who, rather than obey an order to destroy his chow, paid a £1 fine for every day it lived after the order was made.

"Tommy rot!" snorted a friend of mine. "Can you imagine anyone wasting all that money on a dog?"

I can.

Whether or not I would flout the law at a cost of £1 a day to keep my old wire-haired terrier is a question I would prefer not to face.

But a man who loves a dog and whose dog returns that love gets more than £1 worth of affection and delight from it every day.

The dog is more than an animal —it is an individual, sensitive to ridicule, slow to anger and abounding in forgiveness.

Seeks No Reward

It serves man in many ways.

It leads the blind, herds the farmers' cattle, gives warning of intruders, protects babies, saves life.

All these things the dog does without hope of reward—unless it be the love and attention of its master.

The law said the chow was dangerous. And the law must be obeyed.

Yet to some people all dogs are dangerous.

Milkmen, postmen, dustmen, tradesmen's boys have few kind words for dogs in general. And one of the reasons—here I speak from experience—is that many of them are afraid of dogs.

And a dog has a peculiar contempt for people who fear it. Especially if the people try to hide their fear with a show of false affection and confidence.

Have you seen a baby playing with a dog? Have you observed the calm assurance of the child and the meek understanding of the dog?

I have.

An artist friend was staying with me, doing a pastel of my baby, then eighteen months old.

My dog, getting long in the tooth, used to growl at the baby when she pulled him about too roughly.

No Ill-Feeling

Then, one day, after she had teased him more than usual, he opened his teeth in a snarl, and as he did so, baby thrust her face into his. A tooth tore the skin; blood flowed.

We rushed the baby to the nearest surgery and had the wound cauterised.

When we got back home baby toddled into the house, calling: "Diggy-dog, diggy-dog," and fondled him.

The artist looked grave.

"I should destroy that dog," he advised me.

And I confess that for a minute or two I debated the terrier's fate.

But what injustice would have been done if the dog had been killed! For to-day he adores the baby; and Heaven help anyone who tried to lay a hand on her.

A dog, like love, is worth sacrifice—such as giving up a half-hour in the easy chair to take the dog for a scamper, or standing in a queue to buy horseflesh for his meals.

And the man who gives up things for his dog, for his pal, is a man with a touch of goodness in his make-up.

Can you *waste* money in prolonging the life of a friend?

I doubt it.

★ Since Japan spread the war to the Pacific, more is being heard of submarines, though from the moment hostilities began these slim, dare-devil craft have been hard at work. Most of the time their jobs must be hidden by secrecy, but some of the most thrilling adventures can now be described. Here's the beginning of the grand story, by HAROLD A. ALBERT.

The Submarines are Striking!

MORNING of September 3, 1939. Big Ben chimed 11.15 a.m.—and Britain was at war with Germany.

In the North Sea, four minutes later, the baby submarine *Spearfish* surfaced at the very gateway of one of Germany's greatest naval strongholds and unmasked its 3-inch gun against a U-boat.

Larger and swifter than her opponent, the Nazi shirked the issue of the duel. She fled—but not before being scarred by British shells.

So began the odyssey of the jade ocean depths . . . the incessant chivalry of Britain's undersea warfare *versus* Hunnish cunning, lawlessness and fear.

Over the grey horizon from Heligoland Bight a pack of Nazi destroyers raced "on information received" hot on the trail of our little 640-tonner.

"Diving stations!"

The motor horn blared through the submarine. Air roared from the ballast tanks. Thirty seconds later the *Spearfish* lay doggo on the floor of the sea.

Waiting for It!

As the first depth-charge smashed like breaking glass against the hull, the men took out their playing cards and games boards. They knew they were in for a long wait.

They cursed as a nearer crash sent the Chinese Checker marbles spilling.

The next explosion was teeth-splitting.

"Report all leaks!"

Outwardly nonchalant, young Lieut. Eaden watched the needles of the depth gauges dancing like dervishes in their frenzied attempts to register the pressure shocks.

Closer still roared the explosions, till the ship was stirred and lifted, till the periscope snapped and crockery smashed in fragments.

"Sparks" announced the radio out of action.

The engineers reported disabled engines.

Then a mad clanging overhead warned that the enemy was dragging a tell-tale sweep wire athwart the hull.

Death drew very near.

Shrugging their shoulders, the shorties of the *Spearfish* got up a 6d. sweepstake on the length of time before the knock-out. It might have been their last grand, insolent gesture.

Escorted Home

But nobody won. The boys earned their hard-lying money instead. Convinced that nothing could survive their rain of Dee-Cee's, the Jerries drew off at last.

Presently, when all was quiet, Eaden brought his damaged craft aloft. The radio was repaired and a British destroyer escorted the crumpled vessel safely home with her headachy heroes.

So began this war's courage of the Trade, with its unfaltering daring and its unswerving fidelity to international law.

The crew of the "Sealion" off duty. They avenged the loss of the gallant little "Spearfish"

Putting aside the fine seamanship and dogged endurance, if you could strip these essentials, it would still be a cause for pride that Britain's submarines have never sunk a merchant ship without warning—and have often given warning even in areas declared dangerous to shipping.

For many months the *Spearfish* was assigned a vital part in the laying of minefields. Then, one day, Lieut. Pirie, on watch at the periscope, sighted a battleship on the starboard bow.

Lieut.-Commander J. H. Forbes was making his first trip in command, and could scarcely believe his eyes.

"By Jove," he said, "it's a blooming pocket battleship!"

Lowering his periscope, Forbes had to anticipate every one of the enemy's zig-zag movements.

Stealing closer, his next comprehensive glance through his periscope proved another detail. He was stalking the *Admiral Scheer*, sister of the *Graf Spee*.

"Stand by the tubes!" he ordered.

Every man was tense.

"Fire one! Fire two!"

Exit a Battleship

Anxious minutes elapsed as the *Spearfish* dived, turned and rushed away to avoid depth-charges.

Then the impact of explosives shuddering through the sea told that the torpedoes had found their mark.

Forbes snatched a quick glance. The battleship was listing so badly that it seemed certain she would sink—and she has never been seen again.

Down, down to Davy Jones, too, in these waters reeled the proud Hamburg-Amerika liners *Amasis*, *Rio de Janeiro*, and other transports. Down went the *Leipzig*, the *Blucher*, and the *Karlsruhe*.

But the battle of the depths demands sacrifices as well as victory, and one August day the gallant little *Spearfish* failed to return from a patrol.

When a plotting flag is silently taken down from the great billets map of a depot ship, submariners never say much.

Aboard the kindred 670-ton *Sealion*, the crew knew they were assigned an adjacent patrol area.

You couldn't read what their eyes said as they glanced at the bars on the conning tower—three transports and an anti-submarine vessel sunk during the Norwegian campaign—and slipped away under the same August moon.

Yet what strange twist of destiny assembled the pattern of their voyage into the circumstances experienced by the *Spearfish* nearly twelve months before?

The *Sealion* surfaced to charge her batteries, and again, two miles away, was a U-boat.

Torpedo attack in the choppy sea would have been a waste of good skill and money. As his predecessor had done, the second officer, Lieut. John Bromage, D.S.C., manned the guns.

They Wouldn't Fight

Once again shrilling shells challenged the Nazi—and once again the Hun declined the honour of the duel. With the third shell landing so close that their cheeks must have smarted, the Germans bundled down their conning tower and made away.

Soon afterwards, to cap the resemblance, Ben Bryant sighted a string of escort ships steaming from the Nazi base.

These alone were a powerful naval force, but then four separate wisps of smoke betrayed four merchantmen travelling in the background.

"Down periscope! Half-speed both motors!"

Bryant and Bromage edged their craft forward till she was actually inside the convoy and travelling along with it, having slid beneath the enemy's protective screen.

Bryant had actually pressed the button of his stop-watch and was counting the seconds before a 2,000-tonner offered a full target when the entire convoy suddenly changed course.

The fugitive feather of the periscope had been spotted.

One of the escort ships raced madly forward.

Then came a grinding crash as the Nazi's hull tore over their heads.

They were already diving, and their periscope and hull were struck only a glancing blow.

But now came the depth charges. . . .

For an hour, while propellers whirled overhead, the explosives dropped around them, and the *Sealion's* cubs bit down on their handkerchiefs.

Both periscopes had gone.

Swinging Wreckage

Blind as a bat, the submarine eventually prepared to creep away, and something banged and thumped against the hull.

Surfacing under cover of darkness, Bryant found the heavy metal masts and periscope shafts severed, still attached, but swinging wildly.

By the light of the stars the crew worked like trojans to make the wreckage fast. Often it threatened to crush them. They knew as they sweated and strained that they were still in the active zone of Nazi anti-sub. patrols.

Heavy seas were lashing the deck as Chief Petty Officer Clark faced the most dangerous task of all. The deck rails had been torn away, but the fixing of an emergency radio aerial was imperative.

Stanchion holes in the deck gave the only finger-hold.

Clark made the wire fast around his wrist, crawled on hands and knees for a few yards and then had to make his grim way forward with his body hanging over the side.

Every roller threatened to wash him away. Yet he fixed the aerial and returned.

"Told you I'd make it," he joked.

For another day the *Sealion* had to lie low while anti-submarine vessels hunted her.

"Tough time!" remarked the depot ship commander sympathetically.

"Yes," said Bryant. "But we had some luck, sir, before we sighted that confounded convoy."

And from his logbook he read the details of a 3,300-ton enemy store ship sighted off the Norwegian coast, and sunk with a single torpedo after her crew had been ordered to the boats.

The *Spearfish* had been avenged!

And since then interest has been paid upon the debt, for the *Sealion* has sent other German supply ships to the bottom.

Next week: *The Thrilling Twins.*

YET ANOTHER ALLY FOR BRITAIN

HITLER has succeeded in uniting the Austrians. But not on the side of Nazism.

Hatred of the Prussians is predominant in the once-gay capital that still recalls in our minds a picture of stately castles and glittering lights and the melodies of Strauss.

The Viennese, no longer light-hearted, have never worn the jackboot of the Nazi swashbucklers with whom they are sometimes forced to march in step.

It is too early for them to break step. But they would like to do so—and one day they will.

Meanwhile, their feelings are reflected by an action just taken in London.

All Austrian refugee organisations here have united in a free Austrian movement.

Catholics, Monarchists, Socialists and Communists alike have signed a resolution asking the British Government to refuse recognition of Hitler's annexation of Austria.

It also demands self-determination for Austria—a principle which both Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have recognised in the Atlantic Charter as a right.

Finally, it pledges the Austrians in Britain—and there are 15,000 of them—to work for the overthrow of Nazism and to seek from Britain an alteration of their status as "enemy aliens" and the right to organise their own fighting Civil Defence and war production organisations.

The B.B.C. is assuring the people of Austria that their compatriots in this country will help them in their struggle against the Nazi overlords.

That help and that knowledge should sustain and inspire the first victims of Hitler's aggression—and convert them into a new ally for Britain.

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER?

JANUARY 10, 1942

THE MIRACLE of a NIGHT

★ It is the complete unity of the English-speaking world . . . and Japan achieved it by smashing all remaining illusions in the United States

Says A. G. GARDINER

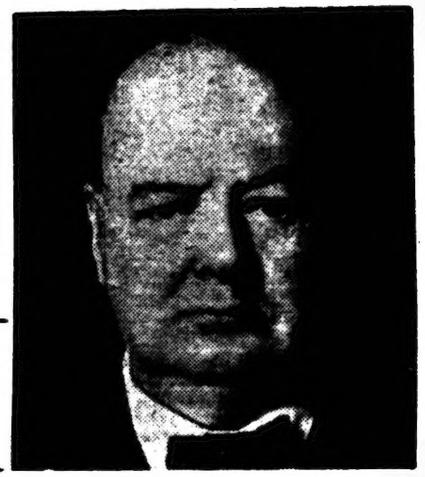
MR. CHURCHILL'S visit to Washington has deepened the gloom with which events in Russia and Libya have overspread Germany. And well it may. In the large perspective that visit signifies the most momentous happening of the war.

I do not refer to the spectacular aspects of the visit. They are striking enough. They illustrate as nothing else could the issue at stake.

When Hitler and Mussolini meet they meet, like the gangsters they are, in secret, in armoured trains, on inaccessible passes, hedged round with bayonets.

Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt meet in the sight and hearing of the nations.

The contrast is eloquent. This is a war of Peoples against Desperadoes.



Mr. Churchill's language was something the Americans could understand in a flash

★ ★ ★

But there is more in the visit than this. It marks what I believe will prove to be the greatest and most beneficent event in world history.

The Japanese have accomplished a miracle. The astonishing success of their treachery has done in a moment what, even two months ago, seemed to be for ever impossible.

I do not mean simply that it brought America into the war. It is possible that America would have come into the war without that terrific spur.

But it would have come in grudgingly, like a home divided against itself. It would have come in with "isolationism" still rampant, and ready to do its deadly work again when the opportunity came.

What the Japanese lightning has done is to strike "isolationism" stone-dead, once and for ever. It can never lift its head again.

The United States is to-day fighting for its life as desperately as we are.

It knows at last that the world is one and indivisible. It knows that its fate is being decided in the Atlantic and the Pacific, in Asia and Africa and Europe.

This is not a lesson for the day or the occasion. It is a lesson for ever. It will never be forgotten again.

And out of this knowledge comes the miracle that we owe to Japan.

AT ONE STROKE SHE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE UNION OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

The British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States Commonwealth are united to-day as they have never been united since the Declaration of Independence was signed more than a century and a half ago.

It is a union of peoples. They speak with one voice. They act with one motive. They share one purse. They obey one command. They are sworn to the destruction of one enemy. They will sign one peace.

This mighty fact has come about not by design. It has come about by the sheer force of necessity. No Acts of Parliament have been passed, no treaties made. We are one people by the compulsion of fate.

★ ★ ★

The tragedy is that this union has been so long delayed, and that the world had to be in flames before it could be accomplished. It has been the dream of the wisest minds in both countries for a century.

IF THE DREAM HAD BEEN FULFILLED ONLY TEN YEARS AGO, IN THE DAYS OF MANCHURIA, HUMANITY WOULD HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM THIS AWFUL CARNAGE.

Had the English-speaking world then, in Mr. Churchill's fine phrase at Washington, "walked together in majesty and power," gangsterism would have been crushed at its birth.

We had all the cards in our hands. When Bismarck was asked what was the greatest political portent of the nineteenth century, he replied: "The fact that the whole of the North American continent speaks the English language."

He should have added a still more formidable portent. It is that the whole North American continent shares the English gospel of liberty enshrined in Lincoln's "government of the people by the people for the people."

Yes, we had all the cards in our hands, but we refused to play them as partners. "One by one" we played and "one by one" we lost. Now at the eleventh hour grim necessity (its hand forced by Japan) has taught wisdom.

★ ★ ★

BUT, it will be asked, did not the United States see the light in the last war? Did it not come in after long hesitation as now?

And having helped us to win, did it not desert the peace and leave the world to sink back into the abyss? Will not the same thing happen again?

I think not. And for this reason. The last war did not kill the poison flower of "isolation" in America. It did not kill it because that war never threatened the life of America.

Japan was then (I am ashamed to say) our ally. There was peace in the Pacific.

The British, French and Italian navies guaranteed the Atlantic.

The long-range terror of the bomber and the tank was in its infancy. "Isolationism" had still an arguable case.

Around that delusion clung all the domestic savageries and anti-British feelings that bedevilled American politics.

AND SO "BACK TO ISOLATIONISM" KILLED THE PEACE, SANDBAGGED THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, SENT THAT GREAT MAN PRESIDENT WILSON TO HIS GRAVE IN DESPAIR, AND PAVED THE WAY FOR THE DESPERADOES AND ANOTHER WAR.

★ ★ ★

SUCH a peril cannot recur. When the Japanese stole up to Pearl Harbour on the night of December 7th their first treacherous bolt blew "isolationism" to smithereens. It can never be resurrected.

Henceforth America knows that there is only one world and that America is a part of it. And it knows, again in the great words of Lincoln, that that world "cannot endure half slave and half free."

It is now all or nothing. The Desperadoes win the world or lose their heads. Freedom will perish everywhere or prevail everywhere.

There will not be a funk-hole for "isolationism" anywhere on this earth.

And that being so, the union of the English-speaking world, as the instrument of the world's freedom, is not a matter of choice. It is a matter of compulsion. We cannot help ourselves.

We swim together or we sink together. As Melbourne said to his Cabinet on a famous occasion, "We hang together or hang separately."

★ ★ ★

HOW that union is to be politically implemented is a problem that will not arise while we are in the furnace of the war. We are achieving union now without thinking about it and without counting the cost.

We are learning what fools we have been and how shamefully we have betrayed our trust.

Mercifully, thanks to the Japanese vermin, the red light has been seen in time. We shall, God willing, save ourselves and save the soul of freedom in the world.

And, warned by this dreadful experience, we shall not be caught again, like the unwise virgins, with our lamps untrimmed.

Whatever the political shape that the union of the English-speaking nations may take, it will be for that union, in company with its great ally Russia, to give the world the lead out of the deadly swamp in which it has been engulfed and to establish it on the firm ground of justice, peace, security and freedom.

In that day of victory and stern retribution we shall not forget that it was Japan's foul outrage that made the union of the English-speaking peoples the miracle of a night.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD CHURCHILL GO TO MOSCOW?

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Now he should go to Moscow and end, for all time, the long-held suspicions on both sides.

If he does, more will be done to settle the future of Europe than if Eden had stopped there for good.

That might even pave the way for a visit by Stalin to Washington, where Litvinoff has already done much to end the long-standing dislikes.

WHAT ABOUT THE BOMBED CHURCHES?

● Not all the City churches should be rebuilt.

It must be remembered that Anglican bishops themselves wanted to pull down Wren churches, on the ground that there were too many in the centre of London, only a few years before they blamed Hitler for destroying them.

It was non-churchmen who, because of their love of architecture and their veneration for historical buildings, prevented it.

Now is a chance for the Church of England to save itself millions.

It can incorporate in one composite structure a memorial consisting of salvaged bits of the wrecked Wren buildings—and sell the sites of churches which, but for their association with our greatest builder, were redundant years ago.

At the most, only a handful of worshippers used them. Parsons drew large salaries for preaching in them to empty pews. Meanwhile, the new suburbs are short of churches.

CAN WE RETRIEVE "WASTE" MONEY?

● It certainly seems a tragic joke that while paper and iron are being screamed for in salvage campaigns, and while compulsion spreads its grip over millions of human lives, the banks do little but charge commission on the war funds.

There are in their possession countless millions of unclaimed bank balances, trust funds, and sums raised for objects which no longer exist.

Yet money which should have been seized years ago, in peace time, for the relief of the Exchequer, is still allowed to remain at their disposal, even when the nation's need is desperate.

And, with a cynicism that now seems a crime, they actually lent to the Germans some of these funds, with the rest, too stupid, or too indifferent, to know that it would be used to make arms intended for our destruction.

Nationalisation not only of unclaimed bank balances but of banks themselves is vital to our future.

WHAT IS JUST RETRIBUTION?

● The Primate left it in the air in his New Year sermon.

"Just retribution is one thing," he said, "and the mere lust of vengeance is another."

The most we could do to the Nazis is to kill them—and death is the fate of millions of their victims.

The plain truth is that the moment the dogs of war are released there falls on the innocent suffering quite as bad as anything that could be inflicted on the guilty.

I am not aware that in past history either "just retribution" or "the lust for vengeance" prevented another war—nor, indeed, that leaders of Churches have done much to stop one.

Would it be "just retribution" if Hitler and his gang were executed? How would that stop another war? They have got to die, anyway.

No, hanging all the lot will do no more good than if you don't hang them.

Our outstanding peace aim should be the foundation of such a world order that the dangers of war are reduced to a minimum. More, in our present state of evolution, we cannot hope for.

While the profit system continues there will always remain the seeds of conflict.

Anyway, vengeance only breeds new hatreds—and out of new hatreds new wars are born.

E of a NIGHT

because that war never threatened the life of America.

Japan was then (I am ashamed to say) our ally. There was peace in the Pacific.

The British, French and Italian navies guaranteed the Atlantic.

The long-range terror of the bomber and the tank was in its infancy. "Isolationism" had still an arguable case.

Around that delusion clung all the domestic savageries and anti-British feelings that bedevilled American politics.

AND SO "BACK TO ISOLATIONISM" KILLED THE PEACE, SANDBAGGED THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, SENT THAT GREAT MAN PRESIDENT WILSON TO HIS GRAVE IN DESPAIR, AND PAVED THE WAY FOR THE DESPERADOES AND ANOTHER WAR.

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SUCH a peril cannot recur. When the Japanese stole up to Pearl Harbour on the night of December 7th their first treacherous bolt blew "isolationism" to smithereens. It can never be resurrected.

Henceforth America knows that there is only one world and that America is a part of it. And it knows, again in the great words of Lincoln, that that world "cannot endure half slave and half free."

It is now all or nothing. The Desperadoes win the world or lose their heads. Freedom will perish everywhere or prevail everywhere.

There will not be a funk-hole for "isolationism" anywhere on this earth.

And that being so, the union of the English-speaking world, as the instrument of the world's freedom, is not a matter of choice. It is a matter of compulsion. We cannot help ourselves.

We swim together or we sink together. As Melbourne said to his Cabinet on a famous occasion, "We hang together or hang separately."

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HOW that union is to be politically implemented is a problem that will not arise while we are in the furnace of the war. We are achieving union now without thinking about it and without counting the cost.

We are learning what fools we have been and how shamefully we have betrayed our trust.

Mercifully, thanks to the Japanese vermin, the red light has been seen in time. We shall, God willing, save ourselves and save the soul of freedom in the world.

And, warned by this dreadful experience, we shall not be caught again, like the unwise virgins, with our lamps untrimmed.

Whatever the political shape that the union of the English-speaking nations may take, it will be for that union, in company with its great ally Russia, to give the world the lead out of the deadly swamp in which it has been engulfed and to establish it on the firm ground of justice, peace, security and freedom.

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Type is set up and newspapers are produced close behind the fighting line

Moscow Speaks from a Tree

By a GUERILLA COMMANDER

THE tree is speaking to us, as round its hollow old blasted stump we gather.

Invisibly rigged up inside it is the communal radio receiving set rescued from the neighbouring German-occupied village.

The party district official has thrust his hand through an innocent-looking hole in the withered stump and has tuned-in to Moscow.

He is careful to keep the volume down, lest any lurking enemy scout should slip unobserved into the forest through the guards we have posted around.

"Show No Mercy"

Our motley band of listeners consists of my regular guerilla detachment, several local partisan guerillas, and the official whose job as chief secret propagandist for this overrun area is to keep the neighbourhood posted with latest information and orders from Moscow and the Front, and to organise local resistance to the invader.

The Voice of Moscow comes from the tree:

"Listen, you guerillas!

"The invaders are retreating. Take advantage of this. Organise action in co-operation with Red Army units.

"Help the advancing army by reconnoitring, by attacks on the flanks and rear of the enemy, by indicating the best ways of outflanking and surrounding him, by warning Red Army men of the preparation of counter-attacks.

"Exterminate the broken German hordes. Every man of them. Show no mercy!"

Follow details of various guerilla tactics, to assist the attackers with information and by example.

As I listen I reflect that, a few miles away, advancing Red Army troops are hearing a similar Voice —"Listen, you Red Army men! . . ."—telling them how best to take advantage of guerilla co-operation.

Our soldiers do not look down on local guerillas as "amateurs."

The Voice, the Printed Word, have made every soldier familiar with the epic rôles played by such "amateurs" behind many battle-fronts.

How, in the victory of Rostov, for instance, they showed our regular troops the way through the reeds at the enemy's rear and joined so successfully in driving him out of numerous localities that the world was treated to the Germans' amusing version that they had retreated "to punish the civilians"!

Vital Weapons

Everywhere behind our lines, and to the utmost possible limit behind the enemy's also, this open or secret Red Army warfare with radio and Press weapons goes relentlessly on.

Our army regards both weapons not as a necessary encumbrance, but as vital as 'planes, tanks and guns, and just as much a part of the fighting machine.

As we listen-in at our Talking Tree, we know that not many miles away behind our army on this part of the front a military daily newspaper is being produced and printed

Its mobile headquarters may be in a village to-day, in a forest to-morrow, anywhere where the fight is fiercest and "copy" abundant.

Motor-cars carry its tent offices, its two type-cases and flat press forming its printing plant, and its staff.

When in a hot spot it packs up, and within five minutes is on the road again.

Fulfilling their function of supplying information and inspiration, they follow hot on the heels of the Germans.

They interview and name soldier heroes, describe the epics of brave nurses carrying injured men to safety, and of wounded men fighting to the last bullet. They write of the exploits of guerillas and of German atrocities, as related to them in towns and villages retaken.

They record battlefield history red-hot, stirring others by illustration and example to go and do likewise.

The army's own reporters!

It wasn't always so easy when we were retiring.

Published on Time!

I remember on one occasion running up against the military newspaper's "offices," then pitched in a forest behind our front line.

German parachutists had landed in the rear and were advancing from three sides.

The staff pocketed their pens, were handed rifles and grenades.

They beat off the parachutists, but not before the editor, the circulation manager and another member of the staff were posted wounded or missing.

Even so, the paper that day came out on time, and three hours later was being read twenty miles away by front-post soldiers.

Other copies were carried by guerillas through the hostile lines and circulated to party district officials in occupied territory, so that the inhabitants could be kept abreast of what was happening in front of them.

This is where the Soviet's unsurpassed organisation of partisan "cells" has come into its own.

Every village is propaganda organised.

The party district official and his committee are charged with transforming every rural club, every cottage reading-room into a militant propaganda point where inhabitants listen to broadcasts, read latest newspapers, mobilise the defence of their village.

In this respect our radio—though the words are spoken by Alexander Lozovsky's Soviet Information Bureau—is the Voice of the Red Army. It is its longest-ranged weapon.

As the army fully recognises propaganda as a military weapon, there is no ban on our highest serving generals speaking or writing under their own names.

The chief commanders on the Moscow, Leningrad, Rostov and other fronts have all in turn addressed the humblest soldier and the humblest citizen, explaining how battles—once they have been fought—were lost or won, and giving instances of the skill and bravery of officers and men, so that these feats may be emulated.

Not Armchair Critics

Thus we receive this information from the fighting chiefs in the field, rather than from retired generals or other arm-chair critics.

The key to why Stalin allows crack generals to "open their mouths" like this is the superiority complex of Russia and its army, as instanced by Stalin's remark (and this during our darkest days) that "the Germans are overrated."

Some of the Soviet's best fiction writers have been enlisted to tell in short-story form the epics of guerilla fighters, packing their entertaining stories all the time with information for guerillas.

The factual story technique is often employed, too, to give orders to the population. Instead of, say, a list of do's and don'ts, a simple tale is told in close detail of how Comrade Y and his wife and child fought an incendiary bomb fire at their house.

A story in actionised facts lives on in the reader's mind long after bare and formless facts would have been forgotten.

Even conferences of German prisoners are now being held, so that many of these men can relate their disappointments and hardships, and so fire from their own mouths propaganda bullets at Hitler and his gang.

These prisoner conferences are not according to the "rules" of past wars.

But neither is this war on our eastern front. The Germans, with their ill-treatment of prisoners and atrocities, themselves set the example.

The Red Army's total propaganda weapon that I have described pays them back—with interest!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

PETROL RAMPS MUST STOP!

MUCH firmer action will have to be taken against petrol offenders, who range from deliberate thieves to unpatriotic wasters willing to pay handsomely for illicit supplies.

Even men holding important official posts play prominent parts in what has become a public scandal of first-rate importance.

A large number of the offenders, too, are members of the Services, and it is obvious that the freedom with which some of the supplies have been trafficked in must be more adequately checked.

Magistrates have commented on the laxity in the issue of petrol when dealing with persons involved in criminal charges. Only the other day the chairman of the magistrates at a north-west police court, where a man pleaded guilty to stealing oil belonging to the Air Ministry, made some strong remarks.

Awkward Questions

"Can anyone go and help themselves to petrol?" he asked an officer witness.

"That depends on the work the man is doing," was the reply.

"I understand this was a private motor-car," retorted the magistrate. "Can a man, with his own car, go up to a pump and fill up with petrol?"

The officer explained that each flight came in and drew petrol, and so it was possible for a man to take supplies if he wanted to do so!

Having fined the defendant, the magistrates said that regulations and methods of supervision should be tightened up.

There have been scores of summary convictions for different petrol offences, but in the majority small fines or "warnings as to future conduct" have been the sequel.

A very serious case came to light quite recently in East Sussex, where several Council employees working in the Battle district of Hastings were involved.

The principals were the Chief Surveyor, the Works Engineer and the Chief Valuation and Billeting Officer. Following complaints which were made at the Council offices, an Emergency Committee was set up and a full inquiry held into the allegations which had been made.

Briefly put, these related to the drawing of large quantities of petrol in excess of official requirements, while one of the people concerned was accused of having transferred petrol coupons to certain persons not entitled to them.

And They Got Off!

A further official was named in the allegations, and it was alleged against him that he had improperly taken supplies from the Council's "Bulk Supply."

The Emergency Committee, which went thoroughly into the charges, found them guilty, and recommended them all for dismissal. Owing to their being leading council employees, however, the suggestion was made that they should not be prosecuted!

They pleaded guilty to the charges made against them, but, by fourteen votes of councillors against ten, they got off by being just verbally reprimanded.

And so they go about their work as though nothing had happened!

There was no excuse that their behaviour was accidental or their offences isolated, as the allegations related to a period of three months.

Official Joy-Rides

The same sort of thing is happening in various parts of the country.

I could name one big manufacturing town, where some carriers cannot get enough petrol for vital road operations, in which an ex-mayor, the chief constable and several high police officials even go to football matches in an official and heavily horse-powered municipal car driven by a council chauffeur.

Who can say that petrol is being economically used when I state that an Officer Commanding sent a letter to an urban district council headquarters by an Army despatch rider nearly 70 miles away just to recommend that cinemas should be opened for film shows on Sundays. The waste of petrol and of the man's time could have been avoided by a 2½d. stamp.

In some country districts, where wealthy people run large houses, licences are taken out, say, for three or four cars, and, while petrol is drawn for all of them, only one is used!

And there is no doubt that many Service cars and other vehicles are being used for private purposes. It was recently reported to me that an officer had the use of a lorry, personnel and petrol for two long journeys undertaken for private reasons.

Anyone who cares to keep a little observation at certain Government offices will see long ranks of cars parked outside. Many arrive between nine and ten, remain there till lunch-time, when they move, but come back again and join the line until it is time to go home.

Greedy munition officials find little difficulty in securing more than adequate supplies for unnecessary car journeys.

The facts I have given show how indisputably the whole machinery of petrol issue and supply needs tightening up, particularly where Service depots and council storages are concerned.

Extraordinary Story

Only a few moments ago a report was brought in to me dealing with three soldiers who gave evidence against a man charged with receiving 150 gallons of petrol belonging to the War Department knowing it to have been stolen.

They told an extraordinary story of how they had deliberately loaded petrol into lorries and taken it away for private purchase.

Petrol, which in its transit on long, perilous journeys overseas costs a heavy premium in the lives of gallant seamen, must only be used with the greatest economy. And the worst offenders should be jailed.

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Petroleum, has had plenty of time to end this disgraceful scandal

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. H. Scattergood, Crofton Road, North End, Portsmouth, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information now being investigated.

Readers are invited to write to me about any subject that needs inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Look Before You Pay for Jobs

"AGENCIES" which advertise their ability to find good and lucrative war jobs for men and women unlikely to be passed for military service are making money by slick methods.

In London, where the Public Control Committee of the L.C.C. is fully alive to the numerous snares that exist, things are not so easy for the promoters, but vigilance outside London, I am afraid, is much less effective.

A victim called upon me the other day. He answered an advertisement of the type I have in mind and came in touch with an employment agency whose officials told him that they had many good positions available.

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For a fee of £5, paid down in cash, he was offered a job at a salary of £3 a week, plus gratuities, which it was suggested would be plentiful.

He paid down the £5 fee, but when he went along he was informed that the position was only available at a salary, and that tips were barred.

He turned the job down.

Protesting that the agency had not fulfilled its part of the bargain, he was sent to a vacancy a few miles out of London, where conditions were impossible.

Threatening legal action, the man managed to secure part of his fee back and was informed that the balance would be "standing to his credit."

Anxious to get a job for which he possessed all the necessary qualifications, he visited the firm continually, and was finally induced to part with a further £8 in fees on the understanding that he would be given a job that would bring him in at least the equivalent of that amount each week.

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The job was no use to him at all, and action against the agency was taken, and judgment given in his favour.

All efforts, so far, to obtain recovery of the money have failed.

Even this man is in a better position than many agency applicants, who often pay cash they can ill afford for "employment" which never materialises.

Many of these enterprises are just cleverly disguised fee-snatching establishments.

My advice to all job-seekers is to make inquiries first before parting with money. JOHN BULL will advise you if you take advantage of its Free Advice service, as also will the L.C.C. or any local welfare organisation whose address can be obtained at the nearest Town Hall.

What About Hitler's Factories?

YOU have heard Hitler boasting that Nazi production of arms and munitions, industrial output and supplies are so satisfactory that he could even "afford to close down some of his factories."

On the face of it Nazi industrial capacity does, indeed, look impressive.

A Nazi propagandist would point to the 50 odd big industrial combines of the Goering-Works, the big Czech and Rumanian armament works, the factories and raw materials in occupied countries.

But he would be careful not to let the world guess the other side of the picture.

True, Nazi factories have closed down. They had to close down because Hitler was forced to denude the German labour market of men who were hurriedly put into uniform

Germany in the west and the north is suffering from the worst labour shortage that has ever befallen a country in time of war.

Workers Disappear

The few remaining workers in those vital centres of war production are "deserting the Labour Front" in spite of heavy penalties with which they are threatened.

They have "emigrated" to Austria and Bavaria, where the bombs of the R.A.F. have not yet penetrated, and crafty employers, all engaged in a violent battle for labour, snatching workers from each other, protect them against the Nazi authorities.

Neither have the industrial acquisitions in occupied countries justified the high hopes of the Nazis.

Czechs, Dutch, French workers are not tackling their jobs with great enthusiasm. Output in every one of the impressive foreign factories is far below capacity.

Oil from Rumania cannot reach Germany during the hard winter months when the Danube is frozen and transport by rail congested. The big synthetic oil works in Leuna have been hammered by British bombs. Jugoslavia is in a state of uproar and supplies can only with difficulty be extracted.

Yet, when all is said, the Nazi production position is about as strong as when Hitler entered the war. Labour shortage and other production difficulties have, to a large extent, offset the advantages of conquest.

Reached the Limit

So there is Germany—still a formidable opponent in the battle of production.

But this opponent has reached the limit of his capacity. Unless he can pacify the conquered people they will not produce more for him. His German workers are exhausted and cannot be speeded up any more.

The Russian campaign has eaten into the big Nazi oil reserves which, unless Hitler conquers new oil-producing territory, will dwindle within a year.

Nazi industrial policy, designed to meet the contingencies of a short war, has neglected the maintenance and repair of Germany's industrial machines in order to secure maximum output at once. Slowly this policy is weakening the industrial capacity of Germany.

As the war drags on the Nazi production outlook becomes more dreary. It will become grim, indeed, if the effects of the blockade, if R.A.F. bombings increase, and if the war lasts longer than the megalomaniac Hitler expected.

WILLI FRISCHAUER

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY

The elderly man, beginning to put the dominoes back in their box, hesitated. "I don't suppose——?" he said, glancing at Pell

All Change

By WILL SCOTT

"ALL change!" cried the porter, for the benefit of those who did not know their way about, and might not be expected to realise that this was London.

And Pell opened the carriage door and climbed down to the platform echoing the porter's words.

All change! indeed.

Pell gave up his ticket and made his way out through the gathering gloom of blacked-out London to the vast station approach. Over on the other side was a teashop. Well, he'd plenty of time, and he felt like a cup of tea. To the teashop went Pell, and in.

The sudden light dazzled him, and he sat down at the first vacant place, a seat in a little recess where two elderly men played dominoes. One of them, indeed, had to move up a little to make way for him.

Unaware that he looked (as the waitress said afterwards) "fit to bite your head off," Pell ordered tea and toast, and sat glaring at the other customers in the teashop. He even glared at the elderly man who had moved up to make way for him.

Pell felt like a fish out of water. Twenty years in Canada (and western Canada into the bargain) had altered things for him. Change was everywhere; nothing was the same. He no longer felt like an Englishman. He could tell from the way she looked at him that the waitress took him for a Canadian soldier born and bred, like most of the others in London now.

Still, this was bright and cheerful—this teashop. There was plenty of clatter and din, and it was warm and comfortable. But for the uniforms sprinkled here and there (though none like his own) you might have found it difficult to imagine there was a war on.

Presently the elderly man's companion made his excuses and offered his apologies, and groped for his hat and umbrella and went. The elderly man, beginning to put the dominoes back in their box, hesitated.

"I don't suppose——?" he said, glancing at Pell.

"It's a long time since I played dominoes," Pell answered. I'm not worth playing, I suppose."

"It passes the time," said the elderly man.

"There's that in it," agreed Pell. "All right—I'll play."

And play he did—three games, losing two of them.

"I'm afraid I've no time for another," said the elderly man, after the third game. "Some other time, perhaps?"

"Might," Pell agreed.

"This teashop is a little off my beaten track," the elderly man went on, "but I always say it's the brightest teashop in London. It's worth the little extra trouble. Everybody seems so cheerful here, in spite of the war."

And Pell, looking round, had to agree.

"Good night," said the elderly man.

"Good night," said Pell.

THE next day it rained and Pell felt far from home in every sense. That evening, clutching at any straw which seemed familiar in this ocean of changing things, he made his way once more to the little teashop in the station approach. The elderly man was there again in the same place, but this time alone. He smiled and Pell took the chair beside him.

"Somehow, I thought you'd come again," said the elderly man. "This place draws one. A game, or haven't you the time?"

"I've an hour," said Pell. "Yes, I'd like a game."

And that was really the beginning of Pell's nightly visits to the teashop, each night with its little run of dominoes with the elderly man, whose name—as Pell came to learn—was Nott. Old Nott was lonely, too; as lonely in his way as Pell, if not so far from home. To each of them these nightly meetings soon seemed the only stable things in a world which shifted like the grains of desert sands.

SOMETHING like a fortnight after Pell's first visit, old Nott, emptying the dominoes from their box, said:

"I told you this teashop was worth the trouble of getting here. Look what it's done for you. You're as bright again now. The first night you came in here you looked as if you'd been bathing in gloom and nearly gone down for the third time."

Pell thought back and grinned.

"Oh, that!" he said. "Yes, I remember. Yes, I felt pretty flattened out. I'd just come back from Whitesands."

"Whitesands? That's odd," said old Nott. "I used to live there."

"I was brought up there," said Pell. "Mind, I'm going back twenty years or so."

"It's a quarter of a century since I left it," said old Nott. "Yes, twenty-five years this summer that's just gone."

Pell shook his head slowly, scarcely hearing what the old man said.

"I was a kid when my people went to Canada and took me with them. Eleven or twelve. But all that time, and all those miles away though I was, I never forgot Whitesands. We had pictures of it on the walls. And albums and things."

Old Nott began to arrange the dominoes.

"I used to say," Pell went on, "that if ever I had the chance to get back to England, the first thing I'd do would be to take a trip down to Whitesands and see all the old places where I was so happy as a kid. The very first thing."

"And was it?" said old Nott.

"It was," said Pell. "The very first chance I got I went there. For the day. That day."

"You didn't look," said old Nott, "as if you'd had a very cheerful time."

"I hadn't."

"Things altered?"

"Everything altered."

"I know how it is," said old Nott.

"All change, as the porter in the station over there said that night," Pell recalled.

"As soon as you get to like a place or a thing or a time it's swept away," nodded old Nott. "That's how life is."

The dominoes were set up. They had a game, a second and a third. Then Pell, his mind drifting, began talking again.

"We've got one picture on the walls at home in Vancouver of the Blue Booth in the Pier Gardens at Whitesands. Do you remember the Blue Booth?"

"I remember the Blue Booth," said old Nott.

"Gone!" said Pell.

"Gone?"

"Gone.... The war, of course. Still, it's gone. And the Helter Skelter. And Noah's Ark. Do you remember Noah's Ark, on its little artificial island?"

"I remember Noah's Ark," said old Nott.

"Gone! The whole lot.... And do you remember the canal?"

"Very well," said old Nott.

"That's bone-dry and overgrown with grass now," said Pell. And after playing a domino without looking what he was doing: "The fun I used to have on the canal when I was a kid. We've got a big photo of that at home, with the fairy lights on the bridges and the little gondolas dodging about. And Noah's Ark on carnival night. Gee! I've thought about those places some times!"

"And they've all gone?" said old Nott.

"Might never have been," said Pell. "I thought I was going back to my happy childhood, but all the things that made my childhood happy in Whitesands have been blotted out. The war, they say, if you ask 'em. Why, even the people have gone. The population is half of what it was."

He put another domino in place.

"I'm afraid," said old Nott, "we haven't time for another game."

Pell glanced at the clock on the wall.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "No! I'm late. Got to be going. See you tomorrow night."

The following afternoon old Nott sat in the private office of Mr. Cash, of Cash and Brightly, estate agents, Whitesands.

"Well. I've seen the house and I've had a walk round the town," he said. "You won't remember me, but I've lived here before. When you were in the kindergarten. Twenty-five years ago."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Cash politely. "Old resident returns, like?"

"The population's dropped," said old Nott.

"It's the war," said Mr. Cash.

"And those confounded Helter Skelter things, and canals and Noah's Arks and what not—they've gone," said old Nott.

"The war again," said Mr. Cash.

"In fact," said old Nott, "the place is quite like it used to be. It was the growing population and all these Noah's Ark and Blue Booth things that drove me away. Trying to turn the place into a baby Blackpool! Ridiculous!"

"Those days," said Mr. Cash, "are done. It's the war."

"I should hope they are done," said old Nott. He spread his hands on Mr. Cash's desk. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the house for a year, and see how things work out. And if those confounded canals and things don't come back——"

"I don't think there's the slightest danger of that, sir," said Mr. Cash.

★ ★ ★

"WE don't see so much of you nowadays," said the waitress. "Must be a fortnight since you were in last."

"I know," said Pell. "It's all different, you see."

"Different?"

"I'd got used to my nightly game in the corner there with old Mr. Nott. It was the treat of my day. You don't know how I looked forward to it. And then suddenly he stopped coming, and—well, it was different then. You never heard any more of him?"

"Never a word."

"It's queer," said Pell. "Soon as you get used to something it goes. Swept away. Life, I suppose. But these changes get on my nerves."

£20,000 Waste Paper Contest

PAPER blowing down country lanes. Paper littering the floor of railway carriages. Paper crammed down tight among the ashes of the dustbins.

Familiarity certainly bred contempt so far as paper was concerned.

It brought us our news. It wrapped our purchases. It came into our homes in one guise or another twenty times a day.

Then, when war came, and it became necessary to tell the public that this material they were wasting was one of the most important munitions of war, and that the main sources of supply had been cut off by the enemy, they wouldn't believe it.

They have got to believe it.

A new campaign has been begun to bring it home to people.

To start it off with a swing, the Waste Paper Recovery Association has organised a nation-wide Waste Paper Contest.

The prize money has been donated by a group of public-spirited citizens.

This great Waste Paper Contest began on January 1 and ends on January 31, 1942.

The competition is simple. Every part of the country can compete, and every man, woman and child can take part in helping the nation towards victory.

Charities will also benefit, and it will cost you nothing.

The country has been divided into twenty areas. Each area has earmarked for it a prize total of £1,000 which must be won.

This amount will be divided among the local authorities in each area which collect most by weight of waste paper and cardboard per head of the population.

The total prize of £1,000 allocated to each area will be divided as follows:

1st Prize	.. ..	**£500**
2nd Prize	.. ..	**£250**
3rd Prize	.. ..	**£100**

and three consolation prizes of £50 each.

National charities will benefit, as one-half of the prizes won is to be donated to one or more of the following deserving causes:

The Red Cross,
Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund,
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund,
Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

The remaining half must be given to any local charity decided by the successful local authority.

That, in brief, is the scheme.

It is vital for us to learn that paper must be used over and over again in war time. Whoever throws it away renders this economy impossible, and delays, if not endangers, victory.

The judges of the competition are: Sir Vyvyan Board, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Mr. Sidney T. Garland.

Let your district win a prize. You can help by collecting that waste paper—now.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

UNEARTHLY MUSIC

★

BY WALDO KEILAR

THERE is a queer little man who makes his living by buying and selling old musical instruments.

I do not mean merely second-hand instruments, but strange, old, obsolete things, the very names of which are almost forgotten, and which belong to the more or less remote past—psalteries, rebecs, tuckets, sackbuts, and the like.

His name is Marek. He is always full of good stories; stories which are sometimes almost too good to be true.

And this is what he told me about a violin which he bought—in Cheltenham, of all places—at an auction sale.

★ ★ ★

You know, my friend (said Marek), that the greatest violinist of all time was Paganini. There never has been and never will be a violinist of his genius.

He gave a new voice to the violin. He invented new techniques in playing.

He had immense hands, of the delicacy of scientific instruments and the strength of steel pincers.

People were afraid of him.

He spoke in a ghastly whisper, because of a disease which had attacked his throat. He looked like a corpse—a corpse with live coals for eyes; and he walked with a terrifyingly slow swing as if he had invisible weights attached to his feet.

He wrote music, but he would permit nobody else to play it.

The deaf artist, Lyser, swore that he saw the Devil standing behind Paganini and guiding his left hand upon the strings of his violin.

There was certainly something more than human about Paganini.

Like a Vampire

It is a fact that when he died queer things happened to him.

His coffin, which the Church would not allow to be buried in consecrated ground, came up again through the surface of the soil.

Twenty years later, when Paganini's son Achillino exhumed the body for reburial, it was discovered that by some incredible miracle the corpse of Paganini had not decayed. He was staring up like a vampire out of the box.

Paganini owned several priceless violins.

Museums have them now, but at least one of these—a Guarnieri—was lost.

And one afternoon, happening to be near an auction sale of the contents of some house in Cheltenham, I saw, numbered Lot 39, among some dusty odds and ends, an oblong case which had been fastened with a padlock. The lock had been broken.

I opened it—and my heart nearly stopped beating. For there, wrapped in a decaying piece of old velvet, lay a superb violin—without strings, of course.

I bid for it and got it for 7s. 6d.!

When I took it home I examined it and, believe me or not, it was a Guarnieri, worth at least £3,000.

You may imagine how lovingly I cleaned it and with what care I restrung it.

The Mighty Guarnieri

I examined the inside of the case. There had been a label attached to it. Between two patches of mildew I made out three letters, *P a g* written in a spidery scrawl in ink which had almost faded away.

I knew that writing. It was the hand of Paganini, and this was his own mighty Guarnieri.

I looked at it and caressed it for a long time, for there is something very beautiful about an old violin.

I tentatively plucked a few chords out of it. Its tone was superb.

I was in an hotel room at the time. And I remember that as those mellow chords rang out I felt a most peculiar shudder pass through me, and I noticed that I was trembling.

That night I slept badly.

I had dreams. I had dreams of wild and fantastic music played upon a violin, but, my friend, when I say played, I don't convey to you the quality of that playing. Out of a dim world of shadows I seemed to hear the voice of a devil sobbing in an echoing wilderness of ice.

It was wonderful and horrible, and I remember that in my sleep I was trying to break away from the strange fascination of that music.

I awoke at dawn, with the music still in my head.

I seem to remember having closed a box. My arms were cramped, my hands were stiff, and—strangely enough—the tips of my fingers were very sore . . . the fingers of my left hand.

When I went down to breakfast, the manager of the hotel came up to me and said, "Mr. Marek, in future, would you mind not playing your violin quite so late at night? I must say that you play wonderfully well, but people on your floor have complained."

"Playing my violin!" I said. "You must be crazy. I have not been playing a violin. For the simple reason that I do not know how to play a violin."

And then I paused, remembering my dream and the curious soreness of my finger-tips.

I ate no breakfast, but went back to my room and took out the violin of the great and mysterious Paganini. I tightened the strings . . . G D A E . . . and, putting the instrument under my chin, took up the bow and idly drew it across the G string.

Invisible Hands

Then my hair literally stood on end. I wonder that I did not die of terror.

In that room, in broad daylight, I felt something . . . it was like an immense hand, but cold, horribly cold, pressing over my left hand and guiding the fingers, while another hand, of diabolical power, clutched my right hand and wrist! And I found that I was playing.

Playing!

I was performing on that violin as no living executant ever performed in this world.

The music that poured out was tantalisingly familiar . . . into my mind there crept a kind of feeling that I had composed it . . . that I knew it . . . and yet I did not know it.

The sweat poured off me. I could not stop.

The manager knocked, then came in.

He saw my face, deathly white. And then the power—whatever it was—let me go, and the bow trailed unmusically across the quivering strings.

That, really, is all there is to tell.

God knows what strange things might have happened with that queer, haunted instrument of a master who was said to have sold his soul to the devil for music.

It Was Not to Be

I am certain that the power which entered into me and made me play such mad, marvellous music was that same restless and wandering spirit of Paganini, somehow lurking in the violin he had loved beyond everything else in the world.

Who can say?

I believe that if I had been able to keep that violin I might, under spirit guidance, have become a virtuoso greater than any in the world.

But it was not to be.

You know that there was a fire in my shop in the autumn of 1938. The Guarnieri was burned to ashes.

That is where the story must end, but there is one other strange thing. The firemen swear that, through the crackle of the flames, they heard music . . . strange music, not of this world, and they said it sounded somehow like a man crying.

Human Machine

THE SAVING GRACE

If you met the mythical fairy of your dreams, and could have the equally mythical wish of your dreams granted, what would that wish be?

There are, no doubt, as many answers to that question as there are would-be wishers, yet the real answer is not one that most people would think of first.

You would, nevertheless, be wise to wish for a never-failing sense of humour

A genuine sense of humour implies the ability to feel deeply, and yet play lightly with the human scene.

It means that the man who has it is a man who won't take himself too seriously.

It means that its possessor is someone who can keep a clear eye on the true perspectives of life, and who has a real sense of poise and balance.

Humour is a real saving grace in this harsh world; a real relaxation, a genuine trump card in life's pack of human traits.

Life is really serious and sober, even in normal times, and most people, being responsible, carry plenty of cares around with them.

But if you can't relax, you're in constant danger of becoming irritable and nervous; and you can't relax unless you can sometimes see the funny side of things—especially of yourself.

"Laugh and Grow Fat" used to be the motto.

A much better one would be: "Laugh and Grow Sane."

Wartime its Don

★ In some parts of the world, enterprising Don Juans would get a knife in their ribs. It's a pity the British versions can't all be thrown into jail

says HUMANIST

READERS keep asking me to deal with a loathsome subject—the man who makes love to lonely wives while their husbands are away on the nation's business.

Here is a typical letter:

I know a man, already responsible for the wreck of one home, who is now associating with a young wife while her husband is at work.

He boasts of his conquests, yet speaks contemptuously of the women who fall under his spell.

The young wife refuses to believe anything ill of him, and is constantly to be seen in secluded corners of cafés, gazing at him with admiration.

Now, Humanist, don't you think it right to warn the husband, so that he may save his home from ruin before it is too late?

Or do you think that those of us who see what is happening should mind our own business?

Another letter comes from a man of fifty whose wife is not much younger than himself:

We have been married twenty-seven years, and have been happy until recently, but my wife has fallen madly in love with a married man of thirty-three who has several children.

She has confessed that he has been visiting her after I have gone to work

I went to see him and told him what I thought about him—but he denied everything.

If my sons knew, they would give him the thrashing he deserves.

I still love my wife, and have forgiven her, but I want this bully punished without causing any scandal.

WELL, those letters are typical of many

In other countries the husband might take the law into his own hands. In Southern Europe he would likely get a knife between his ribs.

But in Britain men cannot take the law into their own hands. And the law gives him no clear remedy.

Occasionally there is an action for enticement. More often there is nothing worse than a good "cussing."

Now, I could say some strong and original things about such men, but denunciation achieves but little.

The thing that always strikes me in these stories is that the woman is by no means blameless.

That young wife mentioned in the first letter is a responsible adult. She knows what she is doing. If she is honourable she will send the fellow packing.

The Don Juan is always a danger to the woman who likes flattery, and so is the Potiphar's-wife woman to a foolish man.

Even in the days of chivalry, one found not only a Lancelot but a Guinevere, and they are still alive to-day. In war time they are both out for quarry. The pity is that they cannot be locked up.

NOW for a more pleasant problem, from a young man.

All my life I have been painfully shy of women. This, combined with the fact that I am a teetotaler, has forced me to lead a somewhat solitary existence; but until a couple of years ago this fact never worried me.

Produces Juans!

My books, my wireless set, an evening at the pictures, a football match on Saturdays, and a cycle run on Sundays kept me quite happy.

Then one day I went to my employer's office with a message. The door was answered by a typist whom I had never seen before.

She smiled as she took my message, and that smile did more for me than a powerful punch from Joe Louis.

I was so bewildered that it took me a whole year to puzzle out what had happened to me. I began to think about my appearance, to shave more often, to brush my hair more carefully, and all that sort of thing.

It dawned on me at last that I was in love! It took me another month to pluck up courage to ask her to go out with me.

Even then I blurted out my request in a way which must have reminded her of Hitler's "last territorial claims." I was turned down.

Several more months have passed, and I am becoming more crazy about her every day. My despair increases.

If the man waits much longer, he will be too late. There seems no doubt about his being in love with this girl, but she doesn't know it.

I suggest writing out the whole story and giving it to her. She will be astonished, but she will understand.

His shyness is the obstacle, but she can remove that in about ten seconds.

I advise the young man to be brave and go all out to win, and I wish him all the luck in the world.

THERE is only room for one more letter, and I am quoting a reader's comments on a recent article about superstitions.

I often have a quiet laugh (*he writes*) about the ideas concerning luck. One man who comes in at the back door refuses to leave by the front. He must go out the same way he entered! Our charlady won't burn anything green. Others throw salt over the left shoulder to prevent misfortune.

But I have noticed that we all have our unlucky days.

In my case things invariably go wrong on a Thursday. All my accidents happen on Thursdays.

On the other hand, my brother's unlucky day is Monday. One night he was fixing the firebox in the boiler and had got in a lot of the stays. When resuming next night he found that the finished side had thrown the unfinished side out of shape and he had to start all over again.

This is only one example of the sort of thing which always happens when he starts a job on a Monday—and now he bars the day as unlucky.

I could mention dozens of things which have gone wrong for me on Thursdays. Don't you think everybody has his lucky day?

Oliver Cromwell certainly had his lucky day: September 3, the date of his birth and marriage. On this date he won all his big battles.

But it should be added that it was also the date of his death.

Such a string of coincidences is at least remarkable.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

VOICE of the TROOPS

IT'S a real world war now.

This week's Service letters reach us from a dozen different theatres of war.

And, reading them, you'll see that it is no longer a cat-and-mouse affair.

From her R.A.F. son in Russia comes this letter to Mrs. Keen, St. George's Road, College Green, Bristol:

You should see these Russian boys. Full of guts. You have to admire them.

We met one, a farm-hand turned soldier, who had marched and fought for three days with a bullet in his hip.

They just fight on and endure—whatever happens. Very different to Jerry.

Here is a German letter found in a dead Nazi's knapsack: "*This war will never be finished. We shall be ruined. No matter how you fight, there never seem any fewer Russians. We get no rest. We cannot go forward, and our losses are terrible.*"

Despair is seizing them. But the fighting spirit of the Russian boys grows every hour.—Ted.

★ ★ ★

COLD COURAGE

Now from Libya. From Sergt. W. B. Freney to his aunt, Mrs. Price, of Radway, Warwick:

We saw red when we lost so many of our pals, but we saw red in a cold, calculating way. We didn't lose our heads. We didn't rush like mad bulls.

Methodically, we set out to make every bomb and shot tell. And couldn't our lads use the bayonet!

But when things die down a bit, it isn't such stuff as that we remember. We see and talk about the humorous side. We laugh at the funny things.—Bruce.

★ ★ ★

WAR ON BEASTS

Another from Libya. It was received by Mrs. Rose, Merchant Street, The Barton, Bristol, from a husband who is a tank gunner:

It is best to remember that we are running a certain risk, and if anything should happen—and it is best to face facts—I want you to be brave and remember that I put all my faith and confidence in you.

Bring my son up to be a brave, loyal Briton. Educate him as far as your means will allow. And do let him know that his father fought to rid his world of beasts who would have enslaved him.

Rather serious words, but they are just as a precaution. I feel I am going to return all right to the little nest. And we are all in good heart and sure of victory—very different from the enemy.

★ ★ ★

MALAYAN TORTURE

Yes, and we are even getting letters from Malay. Gunner Pompey, R.H.A., of Cotham Road South, Cotham, Bristol, hears from his pal Mac (whose unit we mustn't mention):

There is a feeling there is going to be some action. We are ready for the yellow dwarfs. They'll get hammered in the end.

We go to the strangest Malay barber. He and his wife have no equipment except an ancient pair of scissors and a razor, which they also employ for sharpening pencils and cutting out leather soles. A quick strop—and you have ten minutes of agony.—Mac.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

HE WAS A MAN

Now a message from the high seas. It is to Mrs. Stuart, West Street, Bedminster, Bristol, from her uncle, a Merchant Navy stoker:

I've had another ducking while in convoy. But our depth charges put paid to the German sub. that did it.

One of our little lads had both legs crushed. As we got him on a raft he murmured: "And I was looking forward to those tinned kippers for breakfast." Later he said of his crushed knees: "I used to get into such rows for not washing them when I was younger."

Not long after, he died—a kid in age, a real man in every other respect.—Ted.

★ ★ ★

PORTRAIT OF A HUN

Last thrill of all is a Home Service one.

Here is a picture of a Hun airman presented by Stoker J. Greenhalgh to his brother in the Army, Signaller W. Greenhalgh, of Trowbridge, Wilts:

We were called out because a man had been seen floating in the sea.

Quick as light, we seized "duffers" and helmets, rushed outside, cast off, and made way.

After cruising for half an hour the look-out shouted: "There it is, sir, about twenty degrees to starboard."

We saw then we were hunting a man in a rubber dinghy bobbing up and down in the sea. It proved to be a German airman.

It was a stiff job getting a lifeboat manned, as there was a heavy sea rolling, and I reached out to pull the man into our boat.

He spat right in my face.

I was blazing with anger, but let it pass. We tried to make him comfortable, but he suddenly sat up again and spat right into my face once more. He also shouted something in German, which was not thanks.

I felt angry enough to give him a shove. It's human nature, after all.

He said no more about it. Then, the next morning, an officer from the depot paraded us and asked for the man who had brought in the German.

I stepped forward smartly, thinking I was going to be thanked. Instead, I got the biggest dressing-down of my life.

Then I was marched away under escort and given five days' C.B. for ill-treating a prisoner. Ill-treating a prisoner, Walt—me!

[*A word about that letter. It is sent not as a complaint, for the writer did his punishment "on his head." But as a description of a typical Hun.*]

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

DOOR-TO-DOOR request in this part of Scotland for "just one clothing coupon to help buy boys' football club some jerseys" often proves a racket.—J. A. Miller, Apsley Street, Glasgow, W.1.

★ ★ ★

I've worked out that average working hours of a teacher are 27½ a week—not bad in a Britain at war.—A. Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield. [A popular fallacy. Good teachers work outside school hours. And good teachers have to keep studying to remain good teachers.—EDITOR.]

★ ★ ★

I still work the allotment I took on during the last war, but am refused cheap supplies of lime because they are "only available for war allotments."—M. Edkins, Fairbourne Road, Tottenham, N.17.

★ ★ ★

There is a shortage of doctors—but, due to old-fashioned, laborious methods of taking evidence in longhand, they have to waste valuable hours in police and coroners' courts.—R. F. Waddon, North Petherton, near Bridgwater.

★ ★ ★

Two 10s. 6d. cables to my sergeant-pilot son in America were never received. Nor did we get a £1 6s. cable he sent to us. And no receipt is given when you hand a cable to the Post Office.—Constance Green, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

Saw a man put eleven penny stamps on a parcel—when one stamp would have done. Yet Government has to print stamps in lighter shade to save dyes.—C. Brett, Hill Road, Port Chester, Hants.

★ ★ ★

Notice outside my local post office: "Closed 12 till 2." No War Loan for anybody, unless you have suitable hours. And the stamp machines outside were empty.—J. Stainton, Gladesmore Road, N.15.

BURDENS

THE burden will be borne, its weight will be our glory, our lives the pages in Life's book of the most stupendous story that History has told. But God's Hand will be the Binding, therefore no task will prove too great, nor too heavy, for our finding.

THE burden will be borne, though rough-edged be those pages on which we write our names, while this conflict sorely rages. For blotted with our tears, and grimed with each Toiler's sweat. Faith's thumb-mark will be found indelibly set.

THE burden will be borne, and its marks we'll wear with pride, for each one of us who lives will keep faith with all who've died. With whatever strength God gives us, we'll fight on nor seek to rest, until the Task be Finished and the World with Peace be Blest.

J. M.

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

For Blood, Veins Arteries and Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*,' *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.* Get a supply from your chemist or write for a Free Sample and Booklet.

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15M), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

Phensic THE 'FLU-FIGHTER

THE QUICKEST AND SAFEST SPECIFIC FOR THIS WAR-TIME WINTER

Steer clear of 'Flu! Avoid the terrible weakness which 'flu can cause. You can stop the growth of 'flu germs in your bloodstream if you take two tablets of Phensic a day. And if 'flu should catch you unprepared—get Phensic at once. Kill the infection overnight, and remove all risk of after-weakness.

Prices: 3½d. 6½d. 1/4, 3/3, 5/6 (*Inc. Pur. Tax*)

Phensic

Proprietors: 'PEN-SIX' BOSSE'T HARRIS HEART

TWO TABLETS GIVE MAGIC RELIEF

★ *Any wringer is better than no wringer*

but there is no wringer better than an Acme

★ **WRINGER, MANGLE, CLEANSER—all in one!**

★ The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, production of ACME Wringers has been suspended. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers, Hardware and Furnishing Stores.

Dr Carrot: your winter protector

"If you're to get through the winter safely, you need plenty of the protective Vitamin A," says Dr. Carrot. "Eat more carrots, and you'll get it."

Carrots are one of the richest sources of Vitamin A, and, thanks to the British farmer, there are plenty for everyone this winter.

Watch these carrot recipes — and improve your meals!

Mincemeat

Cook 1 lb. carrots, chop finely with 1 lb. apples, cored but not peeled. Add 4 ozs. dried fruit (previously soaked and chopped if dates, figs, or prunes are used), 2 ozs. shredded suet, ½ teaspoonful mixed spices, pinch nutmeg, few drops lemon juice substitute or vinegar. Mix together thoroughly. A pleasant filling for tarts — and it *takes no sugar.* (It will not keep more than a week or so.)

C12

THE LAST LAUGH

R. A. (Glossop).—"How wonderful is the woman who continues to be a husband's sweetheart all her life." You mean her own husband's?

GLADYS (Prestwick).—"I look down on people who are afraid of mice." From your perch on the table?

B. Y. (Pontefract).—"I caught my neighbour walking about in my garden at midnight." Our neighbour always runs down ours.

S. N. (Nottingham).—"One cold day I sat by the bank of a river and fished without any success at all for several hours." Nothing biting but the wind and remarks of sarcastic passers-by?

H. W. (Wandsworth).—"Thank goodness my wife isn't one of those women who are always gadding about. I leave her at home in the morning and when I get back at night she is still there." See letter below.

MRS. W. (Wandsworth).—"What would you do with a stingy husband like mine? He won't even give me the price of a bus ticket." See letter above.

E P. (Isleworth).—"It seems a small world, doesn't it?" That depends on the size of the atlas you are looking at.

B. M. (Dublin).—"I told my neighbour that he should be ashamed of himself for breaking an umbrella over his wife's head." But perhaps he didn't really intend to break it.

S. Y. (Three Bridges).—"Although she always seems to be in the best of health, the doctor keeps on visiting her, and I can't imagine what she's really got." Plenty of money, perhaps.

R. O. (Ashford). — "I read recently that the presence of trees does a great deal towards purifying the atmosphere." Except, perhaps, when a man stubs his toe against one of them in the blackout.

F. M. (Margate).—"I am up at six every morning and put the kettle on myself." Wouldn't it boil quicker if you put it on the gas-ring?

J. G. S. (Highgate).—"I met a friend of mine in a shop the other day. Since I saw him last he has grown a beard." Perhaps he had been waiting in the shop for the cigarettes to come in.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"And here is Sir Ribston Pippin, to tell you something about rebuilding the post-war world"

C. B. (Morden).—"I have heard that when a certain famous film star sends his shirts to the laundry they are sometimes kept as souvenirs." We're not so wildly popular. They only keep part of ours.

A. C. (Haslingden).—"Somebody snatched the violin my brother was holding under his arm and disappeared into the night." Probably the work of one of his neighbours.

G. W. (Wellingborough). — "Although I had dealt with my poulterer for some considerable time, what do you think he made me pay for a turkey at Christmas?" Cash.

S. B. (Montgomery).—"Everybody should take a cold bath as a tonic and drink cold water as a beverage." If you are pressed for time in the morning just yawn under the shower.

T. K. (Melton Mowbray).—"I had not seen him for several years and when I met him he seized both my hands and held them tight." Perhaps he wanted to make sure that he didn't lose his watch.

Side-Slips

NORTH-WESTERN EVENING MAIL:—"There is an allowance of £50 for each CHILL."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"I had my lunch from a youthful captain who lined up with his men to get his rations from a mobile soup CANNON."

GREATEST OF THESE

"My husband died shortly after his evacuation from Dunkirk. I have lost one of the best," writes Mrs. Kenny, of Durham.

Her sole income is £2 weekly from the Public Assistance Committee, and she is finding it increasingly difficult to pay rent of 7s 10d. and keep her four children—one a babe in arms—fed and clothed. Paying for coals and light as well makes life a desperate struggle for this unhappy widow.

Will you send something to alleviate her distress?

Donations should be earmarked "Kenny," or for our General Fund, and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

★ *Readers' attention is drawn to an oversight in last week's appeal. Donations intended for the relief of that case should be earmarked "Portobello"—not "Hackney."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,304
FIRST PRIZE £50.

J. Calloway, 94, High Street, Hanley, Wolverhampton. Ks.: CHURCHILL, STALIN AND ROOSEVELT
Bullet: "ONE," BECAUSE "ONE CAUSE."

£20: Mrs. A. Orrell, 96a, Boughton, Chester.
Example: Devin Woods
Bullet: Bombs, Brussels—And "Singer."

£10: J. Livesey, 37, Canute St., Preston.
Example: Finance
Bullet: Prayed On—Prays On.

£5: C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Rd., Reading.
Chapter 1942—"Crushed Chrysanthemum," Posterity's "Bookmark"?

£4: W. Morris, 11, Caroline Rd., Llandudno.
To Sing The Bull—Office-boy's Ambition—Meanwhile, Deaf!

£3: J. W. Leigh, 9, Strathaird Ave., Walney Isle, Barrow-in-Furness.
One Good Thing—Press Suppresses Our "Hitlers."

£2: R. Williams 26, Russell Sq., W.C.1.
Friend Of Mine—"Shigmale" Woo's Hovel "Trumpster."

20s.: R. Ballantyne, 209, Bernard St., Glasgow.
Wasted—Hope, Through Official "Juggling."

20s.: R. B. Mathie, c/o Malloy, 46, Dumbuck Cres., Dumbarton, Scotland.
Big Business—Hitler's—*Bread!*—"Settling Day."

20s.: F. R. Sports, 14, Ardfern Ave., Norbury, S.W.
France — Escaped "Mauling".— Entered "Cage."

27s.: C. Williams, 33, Staton St., Openshaw, Manchester.
Devin Woods—"Ere" Greeting "Flaming Jungel."

20s.: W. Hebert, Wallsend, Northerton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Liberty's Season—Bully Hated—Jolly Hold.

Luxury Hamper Award with 3 Chief Prizes above. A list of 3 Winners of 20s. and 80 Winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD No. 288

WINNING WORDS: 1. Glass. 2. Arts. 3. Cough. 4. Beak. 5. Pup. 6. Asses or Asses. 7. Stamp. 8. Hall. 9. Dope. 10. Fined. 11. Oak. 12. Lamb. 13. Wag. 14. Spank or Slank.

£100 SHARERS: R. Bell, 14, Dalgleish, Bankhalvers, Co. Antrim; W. G. Glass, C.S.M. Medal, Shaftesbury; Cpl. V. J. Blatchly, 68, Hamberry Ave., Wrenden. Dropped; A/C. G. L. Williams, c/o Railway Inn, Dudley, Glam.

Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 23 entrants. In addition, Plum Pudding goes to each prize-winner in this Contest.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £350

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WAR-TIME BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS!

THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR

HURRY FOR THIS SIMPLE BOOK OF HOME STUDY

JUST THE BOOK FOR THE BLACKOUT

At last a book that makes learning easy and fascinating.—A Complete Course in Six important subjects—SCIENCE, NATURE, ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY—and all in ONE VOLUME. IT'S JUST THE BOOK YOU WANT NOW TO TURN THE BLACKOUT EVENINGS INTO PROFIT! With this work you can start right from the beginning of each subject and progress by easy stages in the most fascinating and instructive courses of home study ever devised. You can never know how enthralling and entertaining education can be until you have seen this book.

This week "JOHN BULL," under its Great War-time Book Service to Readers, provides one further opportunity to secure this wonderful book—"THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR."

The work contains over **500 PAGES, 140,000 WORDS AND 250 EXPLANATORY DRAWINGS.** You would consider the book a bargain at half-a-guinea or more, but because of its importance it is being made available at a remarkable low privilege price. You send no money now for this work but you must post the Order-Label below at once. Supplies are strictly limited and all applications will be dealt with in rotation.

Step-by-step exercises and self-testing questions and answers enable you to check your progress as you go.

Size 8½" x 5½", bound in Blue Bookcloth with title embossed in gold.

All you send for this book after you receive your Invoice is 4/3 which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label below, affix penny stamp for Privilege Invoice and Printed Matter and post in unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "New Simplified Home Educator," Book Dept., J.V.2, Kings Langley, Herts. You will then be sent an Invoice which you return with your remittance and your book will be sent to you.

6 GREAT COURSES IN ONE BOOK!

SCIENCE The Wonders of the Earth and its Construction—the Marvels and Mysteries of the Elements—the Great Power of Water—Vital Facts About Heat, Light, and Temperature—Sources of Power—Etc., etc.

NATURE How Life Begets—How Plants and Animals Grow Up—The Vegetable Kingdom—The Animal Kingdom—How Plants Obtain Food—How to Know Plants—How Animals Live—Man Against Nature—Etc., etc.

ENGLISH How to Write and Speak Good English—Choosing the Right Word—Devices of the Skilful Writer—Grammar—Punctuation—How to Avoid Common Mistakes—Etc., etc.

ARITHMETIC Problems with Numbers and Figures—Subtraction and Division—Problems—Percentages and Profit—How to Work Out Discounts—Everyday Problems of Space and Time—Business and Banking Accounts—Geometrical Problems—Etc.

GEOGRAPHY How the World was Made—the Three Southern Continents and the Three Northern Continents—Europe, China, Japan, India, S.E. and S.W., Asia, Africa—Europe—the British Isles—Scenery—World Races and Industries.

HISTORY Our Island Home—the Amazing Story of How We Lived in the Middle Ages—the Quest for Riches and Knowledge—the Great Revolution of Britain—the Seas Closed—the Peaceful Dynasties—the Great War, 1914-18—Spain Goes to Pieces—September 3rd, 1939—Etc., etc.

POST AT ONCE

"THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR."

A penny stamp MUST be affixed, firmly here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

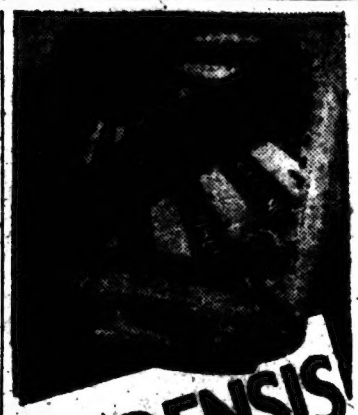
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Applies only in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.V.2. 20/1/42



CAPENSIS GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd., HACKNEY WICK LONDON, E.9.

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in back or sides, you can't get rid of these with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are **Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism, poor Appetite and Energy, Swollen Ankles,** etc.—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—and starts benefits in 24 hours and completely stops troubles in 8 days. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 3/- and 6/- (plus tax) on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder.

£125 INCREASED CASH FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

1st PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH

For result of Xword No. 286, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 THIS SOMETIMES GIVES TRESPASSER GOOD MISSING	S T C K			
2 MANY SCHOOLBOYS GO THROUGH THEM QUICKLY	B O O S			
3 SOME PEOPLE GO INTO PUB FOR	I P			
4 FOG MAY WELL MAKE IT DANGEROUS FOR AIRMAN TO	G I D E			
5 HAVING HEAVY ONE ON MIND IS LIKELY TO GET PERSON DOWN	L O A			
6 MAY BE DONE BROWN BY NEW OVEN	C A E			
7 IN MIXED COMPANY A DOUBTFUL JOKE MAY POSSIBLY CAUSE	B U S H			
8 IT'S QUITE A FEAT TO DISCOVER THIS OF ANCIENT RUINED TEMPLE	S I E			
9 IT'S EASIER TO DO THIS AMONG PEOPLE YOU KNOW	B A T E R			
10 BOYS USUALLY THINK MORE OF OLD ONE	O Y			
11 UNLESS PROMPT MEASURES ARE TAKEN, MAY LEAD TO EPIDEMIC	F L			
12 GOING FAR BY TRAIN, SOME FIND THIS BECOMES UNCOMFORTABLE	E A T			
13 MOTHER MAY NOT LIKE WAY HER CHILD DOES THIS	B R A S			
14 A GREAT MANY LEAVES ARE THIS BEFORE AUTUMN GALES	B O W N			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 19.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose postal P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value.... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 259)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legality binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others: £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 25/- 22/6 £1 34/- 32/6 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY JAN. 30

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

OLD ENGLAND
WE MUST HAVE
WILL TO WIN
AS ONE
OUR CHAMPION
TO PUT THINGS RIGHT
DEFENCELESS WOMAN
GOOD JOB
HIS LIVING
HORRIFIED
BY THE FIRE
INDISPENSABLE
IN RETREAT
WEARING THIN
GOING THE WHOLE HOG
RACKETEERS
WILLING HELPER
HE WORKS IN WHITEHALL, SO
MESSING THINGS UP
WITH SHAKING HANDS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

RUINED THE .....
WHAT WAR .....
SHOWED HIS .....
WHERE TO GET.....
LITTLE BIT OF .....
BEFORE WE .....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,304 appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each bona paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,307 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 19.

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,307—or Xword No. 286, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

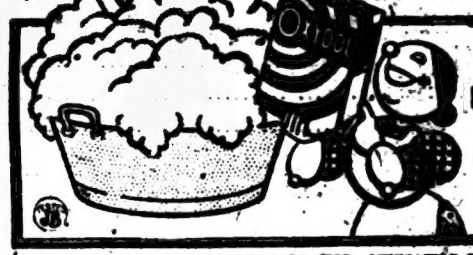
Stop wasting your Clothes Coupons!

How Oxydol lively lather makes coupons go farther

With 66 coupons a year you must make clothes last longer! That's why safe washing methods are so important these days! If clothes are rubbed and scrubbed, or boiled with harsh bleaching powders—they actually lose months of 'life.' Scientific tests prove that rough washing methods double 'washtub wear and tear' and make clothes threadbare long before their time.

Oxydol Saves Clothes Coupons!

There's no need to punish clothes in the washtub when it's so easy to get them spotlessly clean *safely* with Oxydol! Oxydol's famous lively lather is so active that dirt and grime fairly roll away! Washed in Oxydol lively lather clothes will *last nearly half as long again!* What a saving in coupons this longer life means! Enough to buy boots and shoes for all the family! Get your packet of Oxydol to-day.



OXYDOL FOR LIVELY LATHER

You can buy Oxydol everywhere: 7d. *and* 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1½d. From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

Her duty Mrs N. sees plain

To tell you why she's fit again

(Related in a letter recently received)

Mrs. N. suffered an extra of every typical anxiety. But, she writes, "As the result of my experience I say a positive word. I took many so-called 'tonics,' but they did not succeed. A friend advised me to take 'JELLOIDS.' I did so, and the results were marvellous.

I soon felt a new woman. Now my body's iron reserves and impoverish the blood, upon which the nerves of the whole system, nerves included, depends. To restore the vigour of the blood, iron is needed and that is why [illegible] did Mrs. N. stay good until she started taking Iron 'JELLOIDS.' If you feel nervy, depressed, run-down, start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' and see more *steel*. You'll soon begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all Chemists and Stores 2/4 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron Deficiency—the Test of Health and Strength." Many Doctors say: "Take Iron Jelloids." Write to-day, The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Dept. J.B.), Watford, Herts.

The word 'Jelloids' is a trade mark.

Results NOW — NOT NEXT WEEK! 'ASPRO'

Instant Help against Colds, 'Flu & Feverishness!

2 'ASPRO' tablets & a Hot Drink will SMASH a COLD or 'FLU ATTACK in ONE NIGHT!

Two 'ASPRO' tablets check the attack immediately—they don't give it time to develop. You feel better in a few minutes—feverishness goes—aches and pains are relieved. At night take two more 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. A night's peaceful sleep and you will awake with a feeling of well-being that has to be experienced to be believed. The reason is that 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an antipyretic or fever-reducer and an internal antiseptic or germ destroyer. It promotes a healthy action of the skin through which it eliminates the poisons. Rheumatic sufferers, too, will find 'ASPRO' of tremendous value at this time of the year. It quickly dispels rheumatic pain and gets right down to the causes.

'ASPRO' as a GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, etc. When immersed in water the 'ASPRO' tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.

SORE THROATS ENDED AFTER 'ASPRO' GARGLES

Mrs. E. HOLLOWAY, of 220 Carlisle Street, Balaclava, Victoria, writes:—"A short time ago I had a very bad throat, almost closed up and very sore, with signs of a heavy cold coming on. I immediately gargled my throat with 'ASPRO', as well as taking it as you direct. After the first gargle my throat eased up considerably and after the third gargle all soreness left, my cold disappeared and I was my old self again."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 13½ 26½

What do I do...

to improve my blackout?

I inspect it at night from outside my house at least once a week. I make sure that the curtains cannot flap, and that any roof lights are perfectly screened. I see that the blackout is in place before turning on the light.

I remember that the blackout is just as important in the morning, and I therefore find out the blackout times each day.

If I have been burning refuse in the garden I see that the fire is properly extinguished before dark.

Doing these things helps to ensure the safety of my district as well as my own home.

Cut this out and keep it!

'Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

SHE TOOK A WAR WORKER'S PLACE

on a bus — but NOT in the factory!

You who travel for yourself can choose your time. War workers can't. If you insist upon boarding a bus, tram or train at the time essential workers travel to or from their jobs, one of them may get left. And you wouldn't be happy if you knew that you were holding up war work!

TRAVEL BETWEEN 10 & 4

and don't crowd out the War Workers!

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

Why not LOOK & FEEL Years Younger

You too can enjoy radiant health and look years younger than you really are if you remember to take Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

In these fine vegetable pills the secret of youthful vitality is within reach of all. Not only do Bile Beans purify the blood, tone up the system and improve your health, but they help to keep your figure slim and attractive.

BILE BEANS

Keep You Healthy & Radiant.

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